iron horse

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A coupla times a year we pick out the best flicks our readers have sent us and print em up in a RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION. We appreciate all the stuff ya send in, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. What we want is good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35 mm or 2¼ X 2¼)—nothin else.

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iron horse

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CONTENTS

Back Talk 2

The Junkman Mouths Off 4

Steve's Blindin Shovelhead 7

Honest Michael Strikes Again 14

Fiction: It Was A Very Good Year .19

Aussie Answer To A Tough Problem . . .21

The Best Little Swap Meet in Texas 22

A Righteous Memorial Run 32

Scooter Sweetheart . . 41

T's Thunderin Pan . . . 50

Our People Runnin Free 60

Iron Hourse Checks Out The Hog Quarters .70

Scooter Art 78

Bet On It: Fastest Street Shovel Goin 86

Back Talk

Please send your letters, complaints, praises or just raw cash to: Iron Horse, 300 West 43d Street, New York, NY 10036

Big Thanks
☐ I sure hope you take the time and space to print this letter because a lot of other folks took the time and energy to make me want to write it.

I want to thank the following people, who over the past year have helped me finally put my two wheels back on the asphalt and my face in the wind.

Jeff Harris, for all the wrenching he did. Mark Albert for the paint job, B.G. and Sparkles for their support and acting as gofers, Jeff Coons for his tools, and Rick Shear for his tools and the final plating. Smitty for his advice and tech tips, and Pug who tried to keep me sane during an insane year. *THANKS.* It never could have come together like it did without your help. Thanks again, and a big slice of raisin pie to each and oever one of you. I hope I'm around someday to repay the favor.
C. Moore, Atlantic Iowa

We're always happy to help a bro say thanks. But Pud want to know how ya got any work done with all them people in the garage. — Ed.

Needs Kites
☐ Bro doing time, way down in the land of cotton. Been here a long time, might be a little longer, but they'll never break me, just make me a little stronger. Love to hear from anyone — bros, ladies, friends ... Write: Frankie Whitworth #104896
Holman Unit
Holman 37
Atmore, Alabama 36503-0037

Non-Believer
☐ I just wanted to let you know that I don't believe that Panhead you guys printed in Iron Horse #62. Those pipes look like phoney plastic props to me, and besides, any pipes that were that high above a sled that didn't have three wheels would be too top heavy for the front tire to stay on the ground. Cut out the Hollywood special effects and print some real bikes.
Beard, Sacramento, CA

All our bikes are real, Beard, and we're shocked and hurt that you'd imply that any of the bikes in this rag are non-runners. C'mon, think about it, the pipes don't weigh any more than a passenger, so what's so unbelievable? — Ed.

Framed
☐ This year was my first at Sturgis and I had a hell of a good time! I saw more biker photogs there than any other event I've ever been to, and I think your coverage beats all the other rags hands down. I picked myself out in the centerfold of your Runnin Free Special (you'll have to guess which is me) which is framed and on the wall of my living room, except when my mom comes over.
Sheila, Madison, WI

Collect or Ride?
☐ Two years ago I got one of the last Shovelheads that Harley made and I was wondering if I should put it up on blocks as a collector's item. It's got low miles and has never been laid down. What do you think?
Browneye, Frankfort, KY

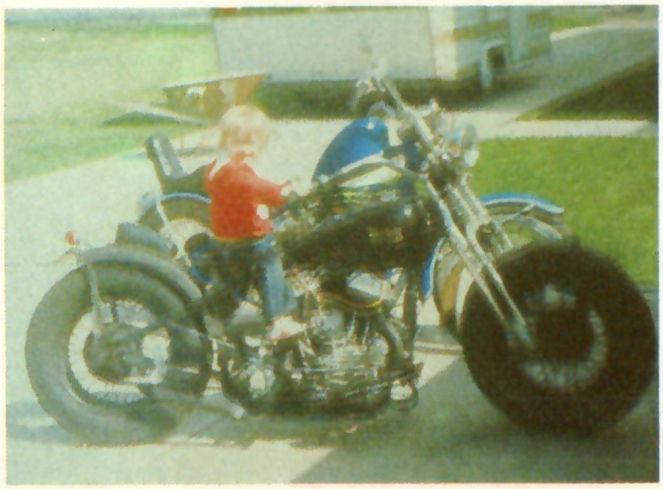
Unless it's an Electra Glide, we'd advise you to ride the shit out of it. That's what a Shovel's for bro. — Ed.

Flyin Rag
☐ Man, I just got your Nov. '86 issue and have got to tell you that you guys really know how to cheer up a downed bro. Not that I'm in the can, it's just that my Sporty's down with a fucked up generator, it's rainin outside anyway and the ol lady's givin me shit for the oil stains on her brand new Wal-mart carpet. But the one bright spot was findin I.H. in the mailbox — shit, I'm still tryin to believe the pipes on that outrageous Panhead. Keep the rag flyin and I'll keep buyin.
Dave Edmond, Rockford, IL

Limey Riders are Better Lovers
☐ To the cigar chewin, beer drinkin Triumph rider on page 56 of your Nov. 86 issue: I love your bod, babe!! I love English bikes and the bros who ride them since they seem to be more intelligent than your average Harley riders. They're also more sensitive and I've found that they really know how to please a woman. I'd love to squeeze this guy's bald melon between my thighs, while sitting on this throbbing Bonnie.
Karen Teal, Destin, FL

Tough Ta Find
☐ I've been lookin all over the place for valve cover keepers for my 80" flathead and not havin any luck. Any of you fuckers got any ideas?
Sidewinder, Oregon

Top Hat says he once had the same trouble. He made some out of a chrome vacuum cleaner tube and they worked pretty good. His old lady was mighty pissed abut the vacuum cleaner, though — Ed.



Two for the Road
☐ Enclosed are two slides of my old flathead Harley and 650 Bonneville. I'd be awfully proud to see my two scoots in your magazine.

I really enjoyed your article on "Raider of the Lost Hogs". I intend to get in touch with Mr. Sarafan real soon. Keep up the good work and don't change a thing!
Paul S. Lesko, W. Cleveland, OH

ARE YA GETTIN' ANY AT HOME?

If ya ain't, ya might think about investin in a sub to the rag. Waddafuck for?

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10. Some other stuff

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Name _____

Address _____

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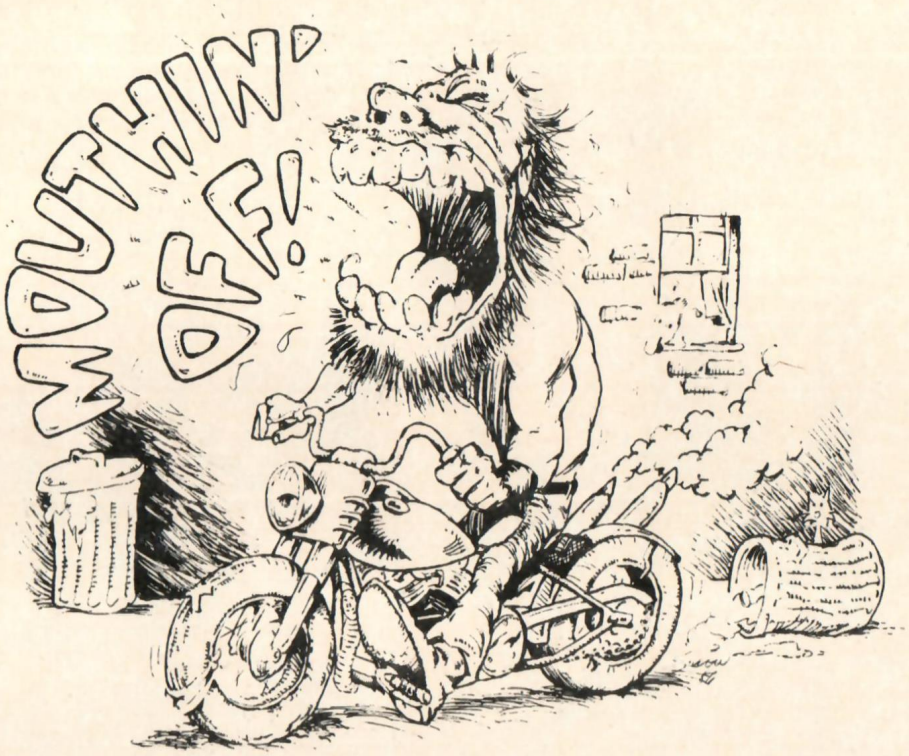
Do ya own a bike? Make _____ Is it chopped? _____

(Please print yer name and address to avoid errors).



With The Junkman

Snow and I were shooting the shit the other day about bikes in music — or closer to the point, the lack of bikes in music. You got your classics, "Born To Be Wild" and "Leader Of The Pack," and then what? "The Angel" from the early Springsteen catalog, Robert Gordon's "Too Fast To Live, Too Young To Die," Donovan's "The Fat Angel," which is mainly about drugs, "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting," and a mention or two from Billy Joel.

That can't be the whole history of motorcycles in mainstream rock 'n roll, you say. And you're right, but you were better off before you said it. I wish I could forget Arlo Guthrie's lame "I don't want a pickle, just wanna ride on my motorsickle" song, whatever the hell it was called. How about a real winner, "Little Honda" by the Hondells? Back in 1974 we got Jesse Colin Young's "Motorcycle Blues," which I guess is great if you like your blues sounding like a half-drowned jug band with a idiot bouncy clarinet part circling through it like a drunk seagull.

I'm really reachin here, and after thirty years of rock 'n' roll I shouldn't have to. What's the fuckin problem? Rock 'n' roll and motorcycles are so close they might as well have been hatched from the same egg. And rockers love the *image* of the motorcycle, they got it splattered all over the place. Think about how many Harleys you've seen on album covers over the years. Right off the top of my pin head I remember a Stray Cats cover, Cheap Trick's "In Color," an album called "Duo Glide" by a band whose name I've forgotten and maybe never knew, a couple cartoon bikers on the Dead's "Shakedown Street," and Robert Gordon's "Too Fast album. There's a whole series of old doo-wop that's been re-released with Harleys as a cover motif.

Don't forget Dylan wearing a Triumph shirt on the cover of "Highway 61 Revisited" and much-missed Janis leaning over a Trumpet's bars on her greatest hits collection. Meatloaf's "Bat Out Of Hell" cover features a fantasy bike. Shit, Judas Priest uses a Harley as a stage prop.

I'm probably missing some shit, but you see what I'm gettin at. The *image* of the bike, what it means as a *symbol*, is fuckin dead central to big-time, big-bucks rock. And not just the bike, either. Where do you think all those headbanger styles came from, the leather jackets and cutoffs with patches, the tattoos, the boots? The whole heavy metal scene got its style inspiration from us, although I'm not inclined to take the blame for their eyeliner.

"... a screaming leather-wrapped Brit flogging a fallen Harley ..."

And what do they give us back after takin our image? "Little Honda?" Okay, okay, so Judas Priest didn't do "Little Honda." They do roll a Harley out on stage and whip it, whatever the the spectacle of a screaming leather-wrapped Brit flogging a fallen Harley is supposed to mean. Snow says, "I don't see what that has to do with riding." And frankly I don't either. (It's only fair to say that whatever their problem with bikes is, Judas Priest are good dudes. I used to work as a concert security guard, and during the one show of theirs I did, standing outside their dressing room, they made a point of keeping me in ice-cold beer right down to the end of their supply, when I found myself standing over the tub of ice arguing with lead singer Robert Halford over who needed the last bottle more. We split it.)

A few bigtime rockers ride. Both Brian Setzer (of Stray Cats) and Billy Joel do, or did, ride Harleys. John Cougar Mellencamp rides a Harley. There's probably no one I'd rather nave heard do a righteous bike song than Stray Cats, but they chose to do

righteous other songs instead.

Steppenwolf gave us our anthem. The ShangriLas gave us a ballad. But we got our anthem in 1968 and our ballad in 1964. Almost twenty years have gone by since "Born To Be Wild" came out. Maybe I'm exposing my ignorance, but it seems that if anything else outstanding in the way of biker songs had come ripping down the top-forty pike, or even off on the shoulder, in those twenty years I might have heard it — and I haven't. (Before a bunch of people jump on my case, I'll say for the record that I don't know much about country music except for the one Hank Williams album I have.)

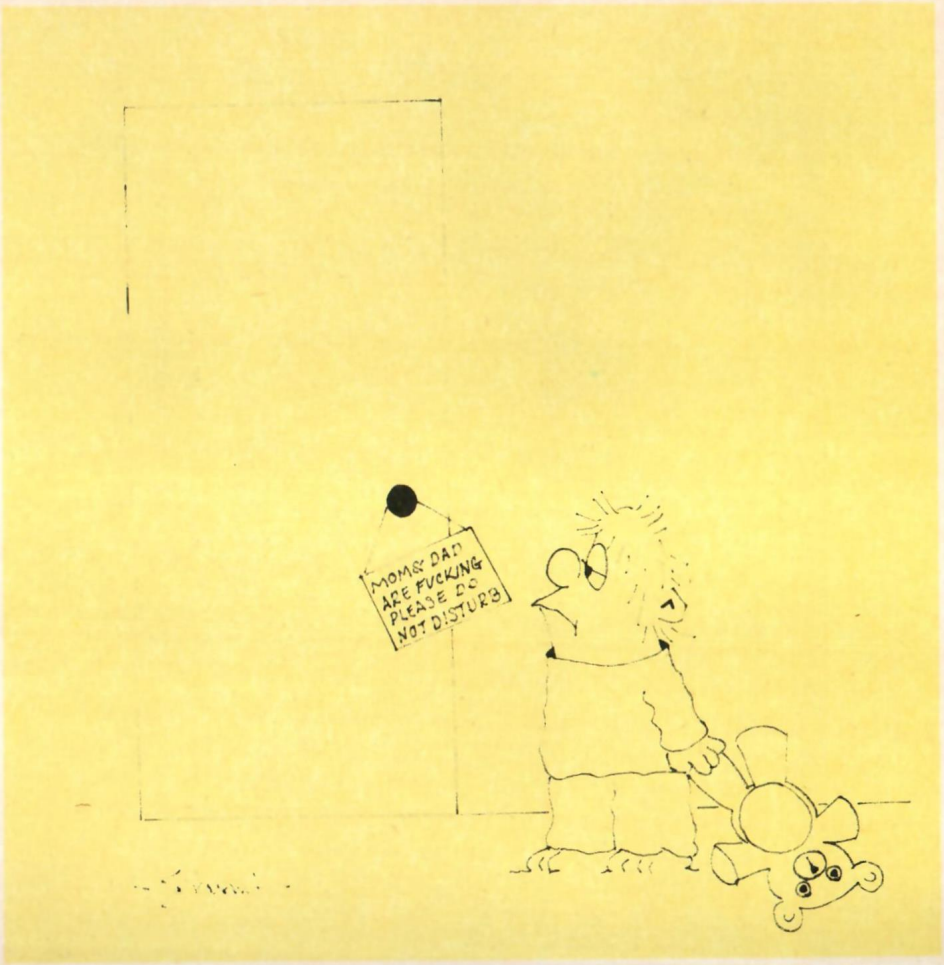
I mean, yeah, there's songs we all like, great songs that deal with life's essentials — pussy songs and fighting songs and drinking songs and love songs. I've spent a lot of jukebox quarters and record-store dollars on them. But I'd still like to hear one good goddamn motorcycle song from all these fuzznuts in their leather and chains.

When Snow and I got to the point where we were in agreement about this, just seconds away from starting in on the bitch cycle ("Hey, yeah, what's wrong with these dickweeds?"), I remembered what I'd been rooting around in my head for. The other bike song: "Black Denim Trousers and Motorcycle Boots" by the Cheers, vintage 1955.

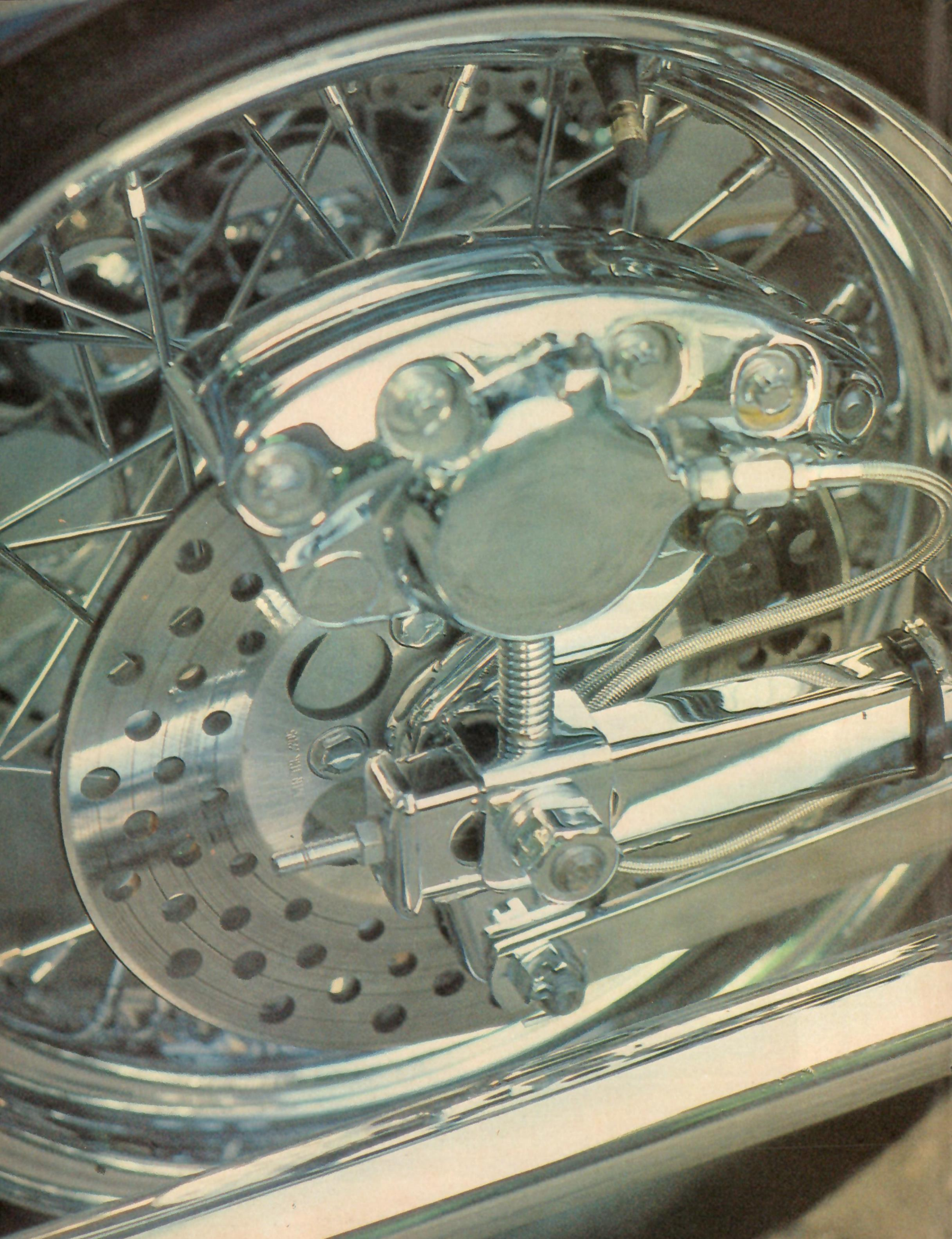
To my ear it's not really rock 'n' roll. It's got this dire chorus of women in the background that sound like they're all sittin on hot plates, and a drum track straight from a marching band trying to hurry off the field so they can go take a leak. And the vocals are a little weird. But it was 1955, and the song found a healthy audience — it stayed on the *Billboard* charts for eleven weeks and peaked at number 6.

He wore black denim trousers
and motorcycle boots
and a black leather jacket
with an eagle on the back.
He had a hopped up sickle
that took off like a gun
that fool was the terror
of highway one-oh-one

It's a song that's really ripe for a cover version. But until that happens — and provided that the new band doesn't fuck it up — you can cop the original on Capitol Records Starline Oldies Series as a 45. And if you don't know the song, you ought to. We haven't got that many. □



"Pissed to the gills, Tank lunged toward the undulating figure on the bearskin rug."



Photos By Matt Bradley

BANANAS

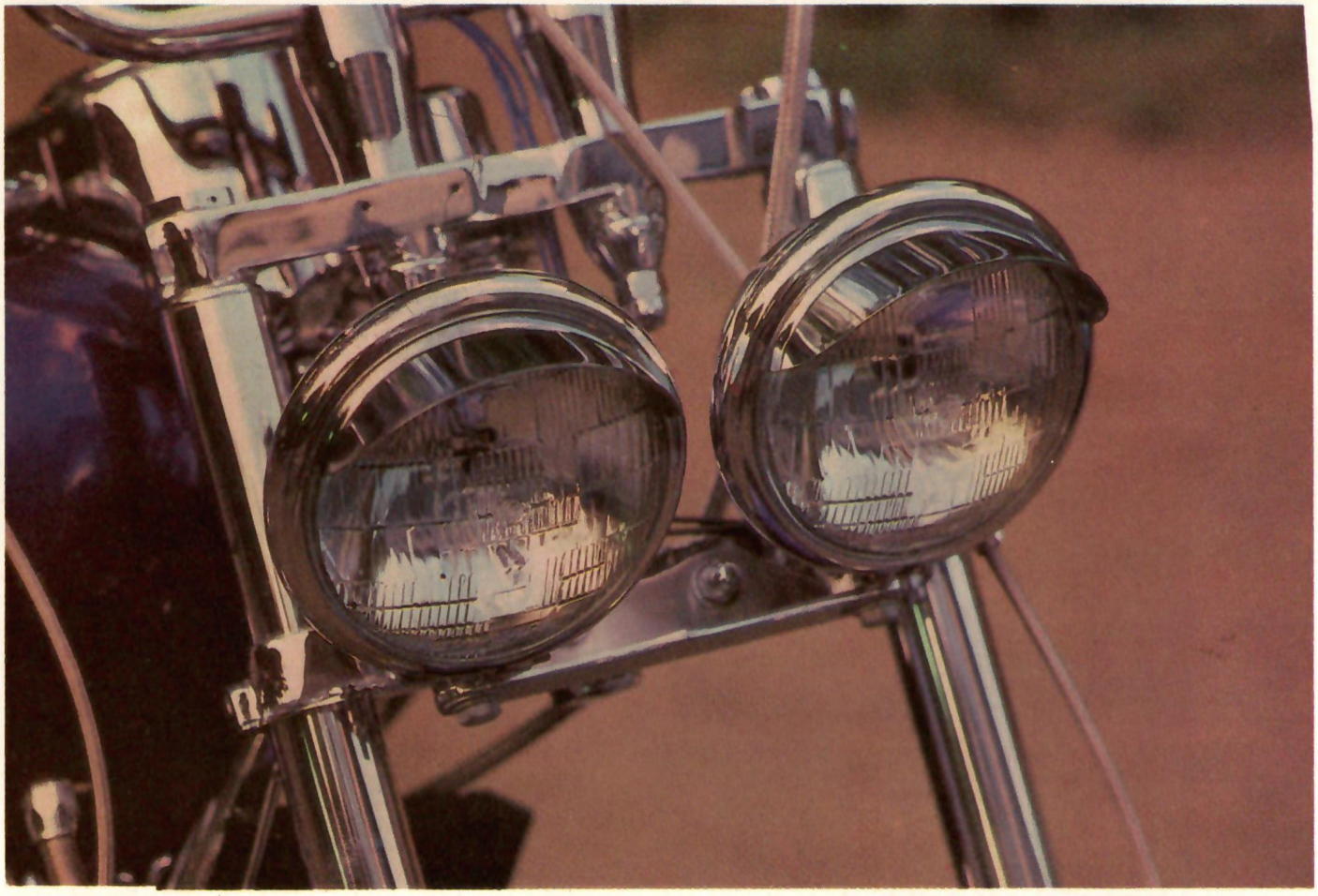
Story by Top Hat

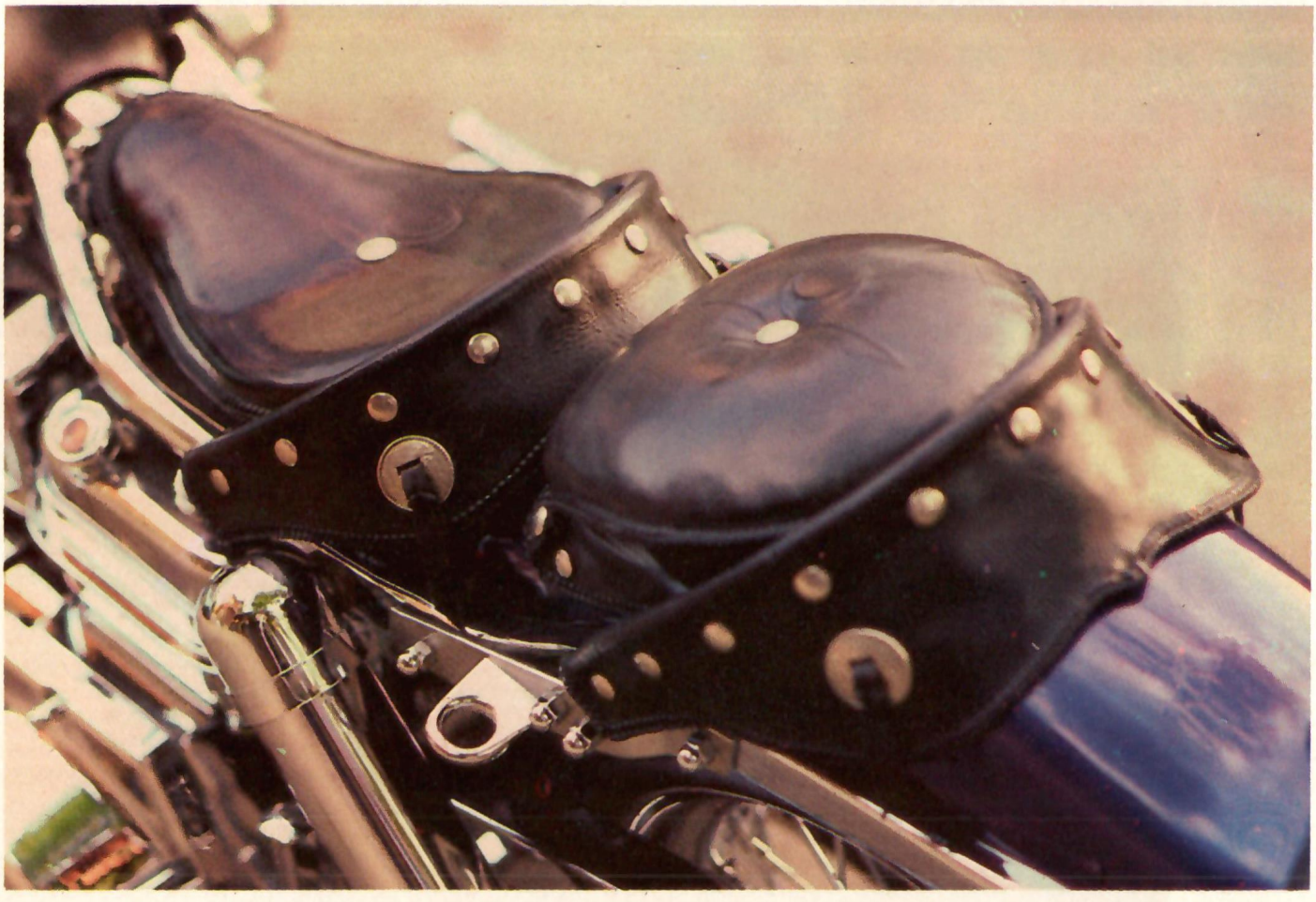
The first time I ever saw Steve on a hog, he was on the seventh floor of a Manhattan scumhole office where we both had the bad fortune to be employed. He'd just rolled his panhead off the freight elevator and was backing it down the hall to stash it behind a screen near the typesetting room. It was a normal workday thing for him to bring his scooter up on the elevator — he even kept a drip pan back there. And absolutely everyone in the company knew about it except the Shark, who was vice president. The Shark spent his days prowling around like a goddamned screw, stickin his nose into everything and keepin a tally of every piss taken on company time. Except somehow, for about three years, he couldn't find a raked, ten-over panhead parked less than 300 feet from his office door. And the bastard would have shit silver squirrels if he'd known.

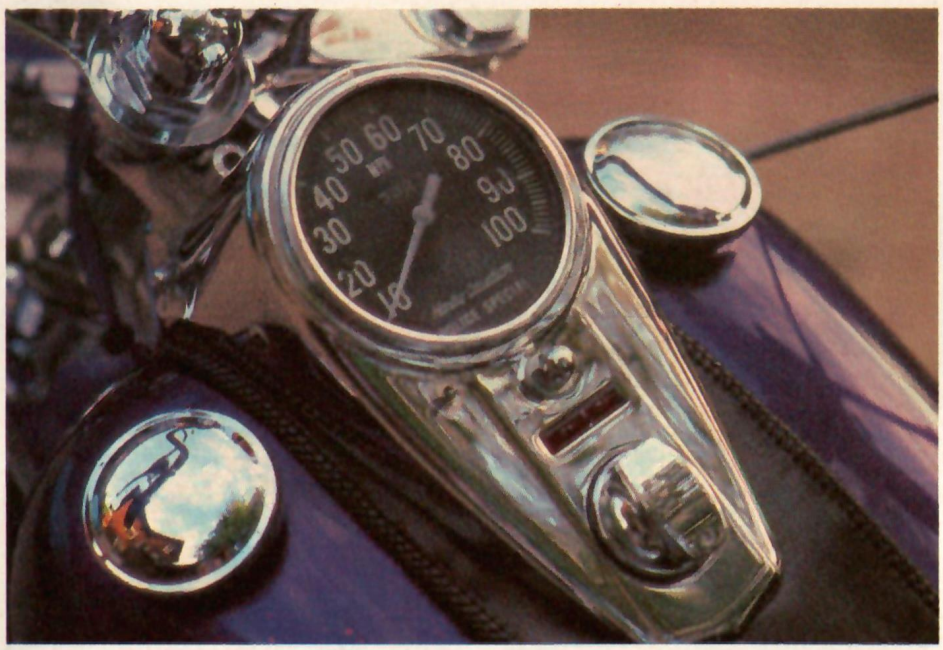
Steve and I quit that dump about the same time. He told me he'd bought a cop shovelhead at auction and was working on it. A couple months later he was still working on it; something about chrome, I think he said. I remember making a joke about chroming the skid plate and he kinda smiled. A few more moons went by before I got a chance to actually see the shovel. It wasn't too hard ta find — there was a crowd of droolin gawkers standin around it. This is one of those bikes that always draws a crowd. Even if the droolers don't know what they're lookin at they stand there and look.

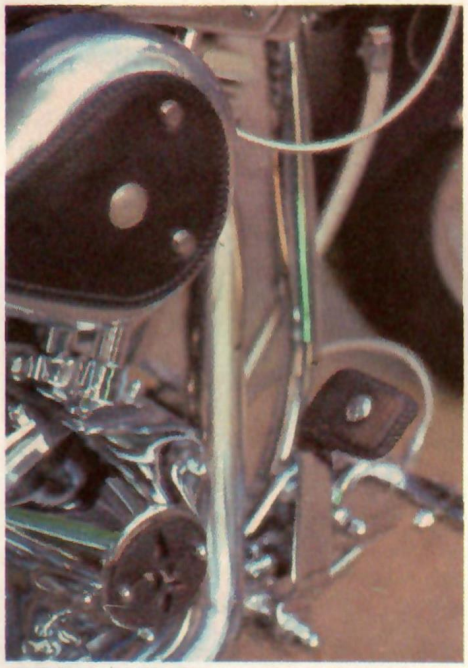
See, Steve does a lot of his puttin around the Apple, dodgin the potholes and the assholes in these dirty streets, and he keeps his shovel so fuckin immaculate that it looks like it came from another planet. A clean planet. New Yorkers tend to forget there's such a condition as clean. After a while they start thinkin that the whole world and everything in it is covered with dust and smells like piss. Then Steve blasts up, rattlin their teeth with his surgically clean shovel, and jolts em into another reality. We're talkin spotless here. One of Steve's steady ridin partners says the man has been known to scramble off his scoot at stoplights, whip the dustrag out from under the seat, and swab some offending oil drip off his chrome. I'm not sure how true that is, but every time I've seen Steve jammin around town his scoot has looked just as Pristene as it does here.

Steve's original plan for the bike wasn't too close to the way it came out except for the overall fifties bobjob flavor. About the same relationship that near beer has to beer, if you









TECH SHEET

Owner: Steve Minunni
City: Staten Island, NY

General
Fabrication by: Owner
Year and Make: 1975 H-D
Model: Police Special
Value: priceless
Assembly By: owner
Chroming: Mar, Newark, NJ

Engine
Year: 1975
Model: Shovelhead
Rebuilder: Owner
Ignition: Points
Displacement: 74Cu. in.
Lower End: Stock
Balancing: Stock
Pistons: TRW
Cases: Stock
Heads: Stock
Cams: Andrews A grind
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carbs: Modified Bendix
Air Cleaner: S & S
Pipes: 40" drag
Mufflers: None

Frame
Year: 1975
Builder: H-D
Type: Swingarm
Rake: None
Stretch: None
Other Alterations: Chromed

Accessories
Bars: Buckhorn
Risers: 4" Custom
Fenders: Front cut stock, rear bobbed
Headlight: Dual Bates
Taillight: Cat's eye
Speedo: Police Special
Front Pegs: Railroad spikes
Rear Pegs: Railroad spikes
Electrics: Sure
Gas Tank: Stock
Oil Tank: Stock
Oil System: Lockhart cooler
Primary Cover: Stock
Seat: Custom by owner

Tranny
Modifications: Rebuilt by owner, close Ratio 2nd & 3rd
Year: 1975
Shifting: Foot

Painting:
Molding: Nope
Painter: Owner
Color: Slip Slop blue over black
Type: Lacquer
Special Paint: Yes, it is.

Forks
Type: Stock
Extension: 2"
Builder: H-D
Special Features: None

Wheels
Front Wheel: Stock
Rear Wheel: Rim 1" wider than stock
Front Hub: Stock
Rear Hub: Stock
Front Tire: Tour-Max by Carlisle
Rear Tire: Tour-Max by Carlisle
Front Brake: Chrome caliper, drilled stainless rotor
Rear Brake: Chrome caliper, drilled stainless rotor

wanna know the truth. He ain't the kind of dude to be seen on a rat, for sure, but he never really meant to go this far. The basic idea was just to bolt the shovel together so he had a ride while he was redoin his pan. Then he tore it down and took a few things to the chromer... and a few more things ... maybe this too ... and these ...

Slowly and quietly, he went bananas.

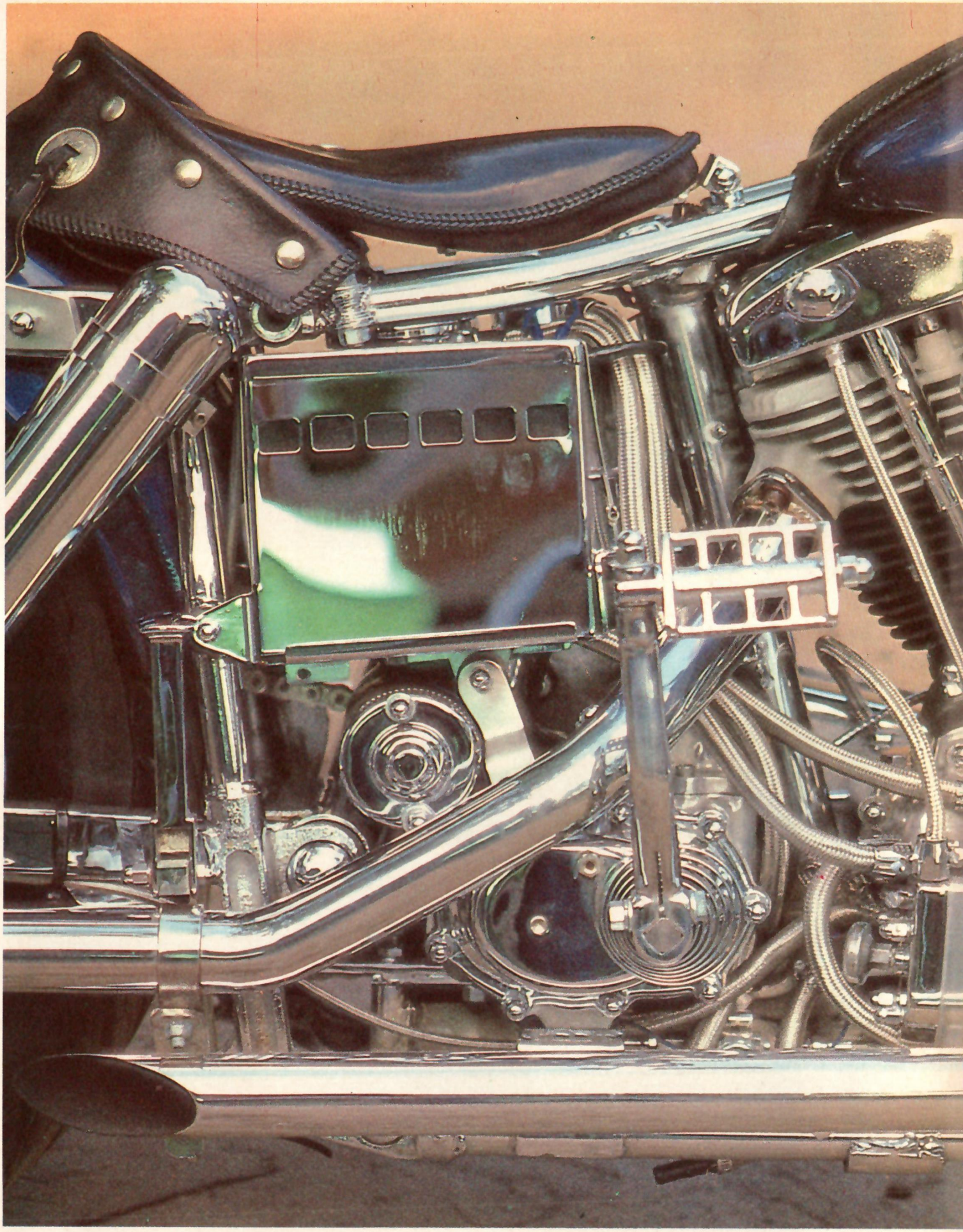
And once it was on the road he really started barkin at the moon. It's been two years now and the pan still hasn't been done. In fact the pan got long-term loaned to one of his partners who'd blown his own engine. (Next time mine breaks down I know who I'm callin.)

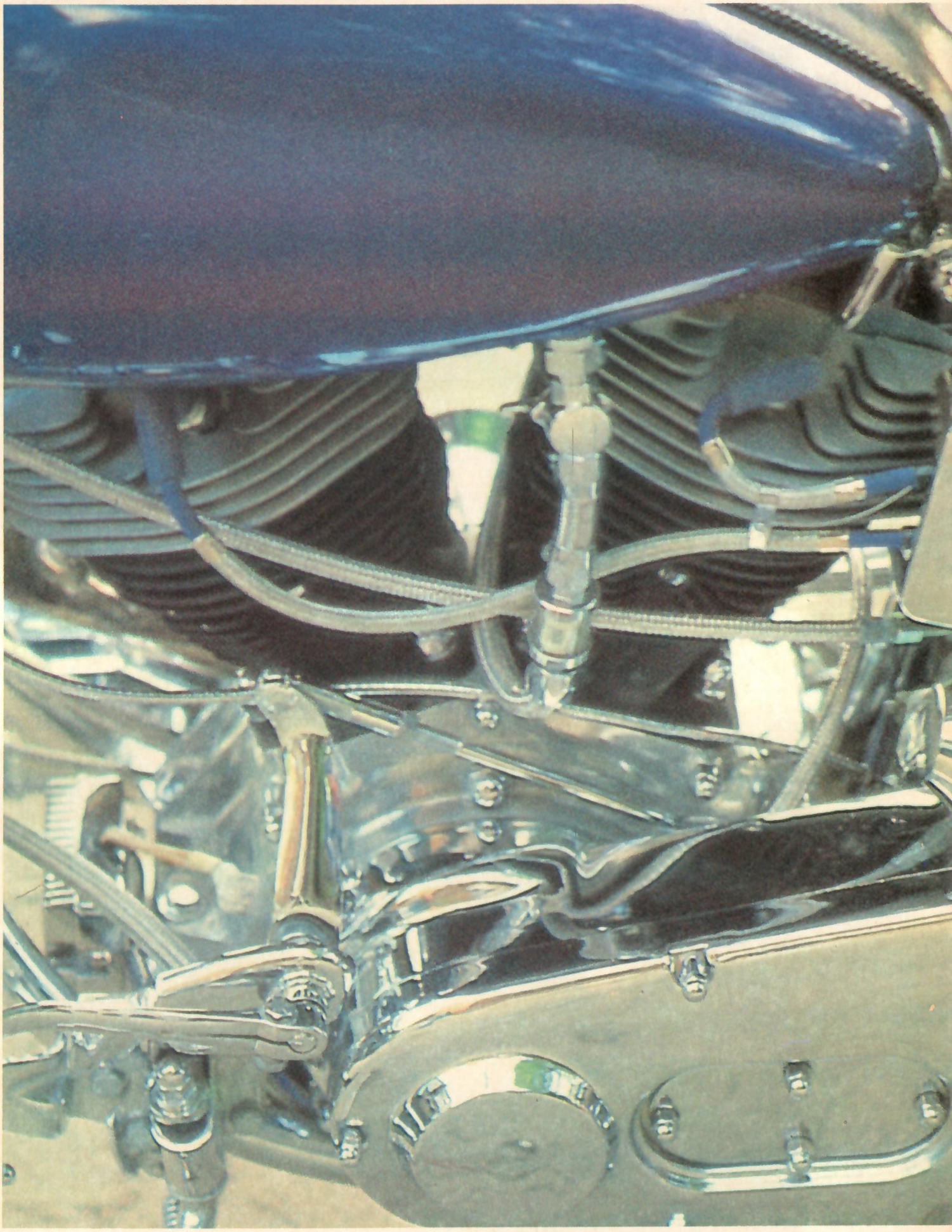
If ya can get yer eyes past all the chrome, and tender young Brittany, check out the leather work. Steve does all that himself — says he learned the basics in Boy Scouts. Ya can bet that when that scoutmaster was teachin little Steve to make wallets and coin purses (or dice cups) he had no idea that twenty-some years later those same skills would be used to manufacture righteous one-on-a-kind seats and trim pieces for a Harley. Look at all the places he's got that cow rind — the air cleaner, foot pegs, the point cover, fender tips, even the brake pedal; and the seats are nothing short of fuckin beautiful. The unique, unified leather trim was a strong factor in the bike takin trophies from the two shows it's been entered in. Since we took these flicks and the weather turned cold, Steve whipped up a leather cover for the oil cooler. Bananas, like I said ...

The bars are the only big change that's been make on the bike in two years. It started out with apes, but about 15 minutes after he got to Daytona last year he was awarded a Florida ticket for em. To sidestep future hassles he downsized to buckhorns after he got home.

That's the only big change, and it's not really that big. Steve'll tell ya that the bike's done now, that he hasn't got anything else planned for it. He says that with a straight face, then a few days later ya find out that besides the new oil cooler cover he also made himself some heat shields for the pipes. So just cause he hasn't got any changes planned now, right this minute, doesn't mean he ain't going to make some in the next few hours.

Bananas. The dude's bananas. □



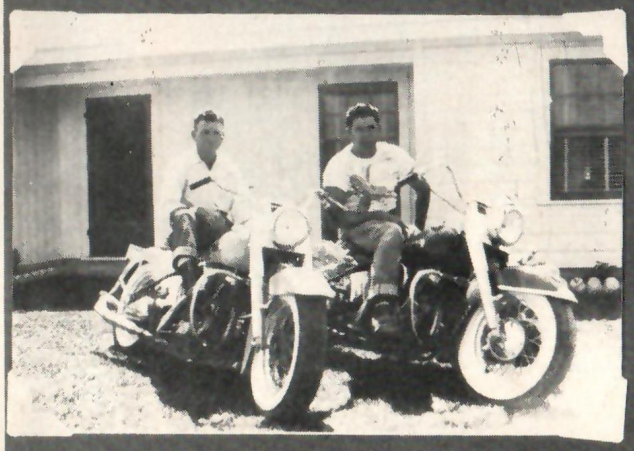


HONEST MICHAEL'S FAMILY ALBUM

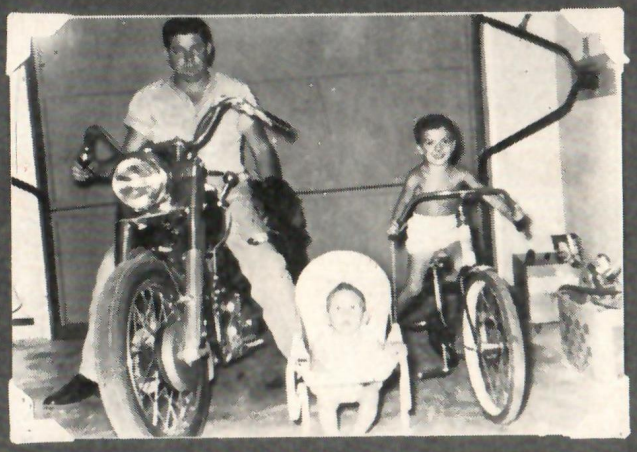
VOLUME 2

A couple months ago, if ya can remember back that far, we brought ya a righteous collection of Honest Michael's pics of his hard-ridin father and mother, and himself as a little ankle-biter tot-child. He promised us we'd be seein more of him, and he's as good as his name. We're proud to take ya on another visit to this freewheelin family

"Here are a few more pages of my photo album and some of the bikes that kept our garage floor greasy and grins on our faces."

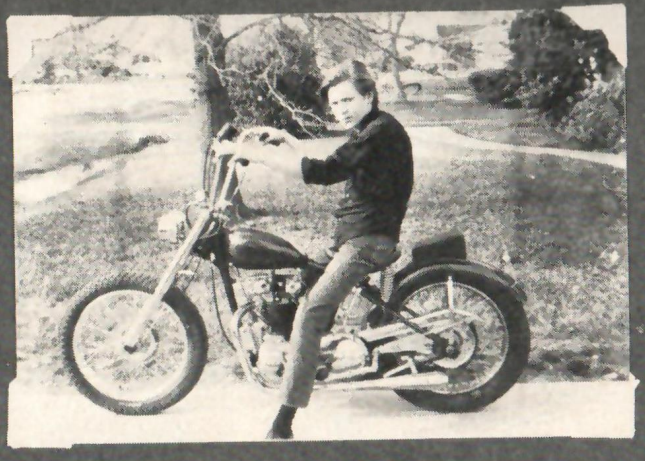


Dad on the right on a 1950 FLH. It took a can of Ajax per tire to keep those wide whites clean.

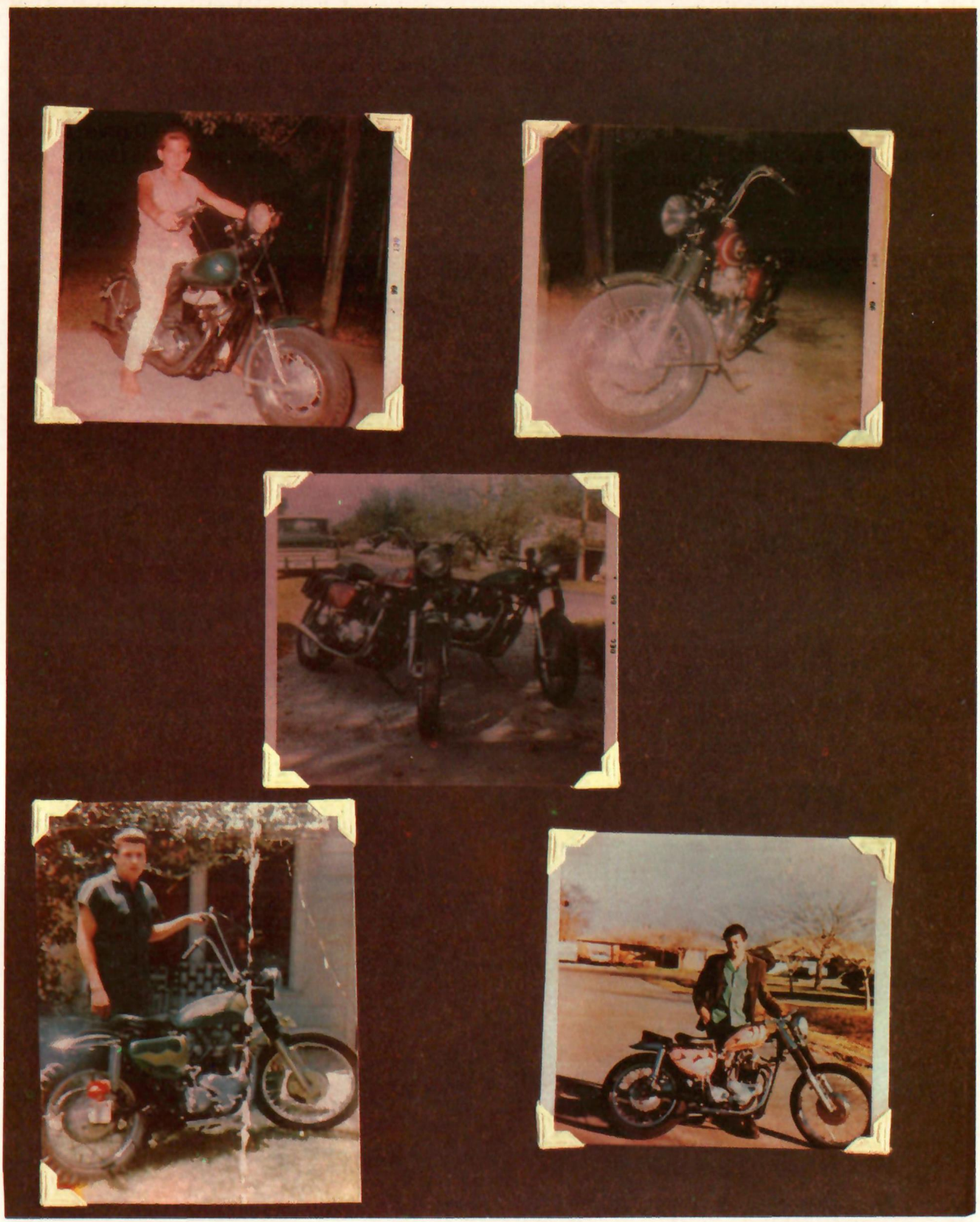


Me on the three-wheeler, baby brother in the middle. This was 1954, and Dad's FLH had been through a few changes: Flanders bars, 80" wheels, and a Limey front rim. The bob-job scene was happening.

Christmas, 1962. I cut lawns and saved for two years to get up $225. After months of pleading my folks split the difference with me on this 1963 Mustang Stallion — 12 hp, 4 speeds, and good for 70 mph with me and little brother.



A friend on his 1954 Triumph.



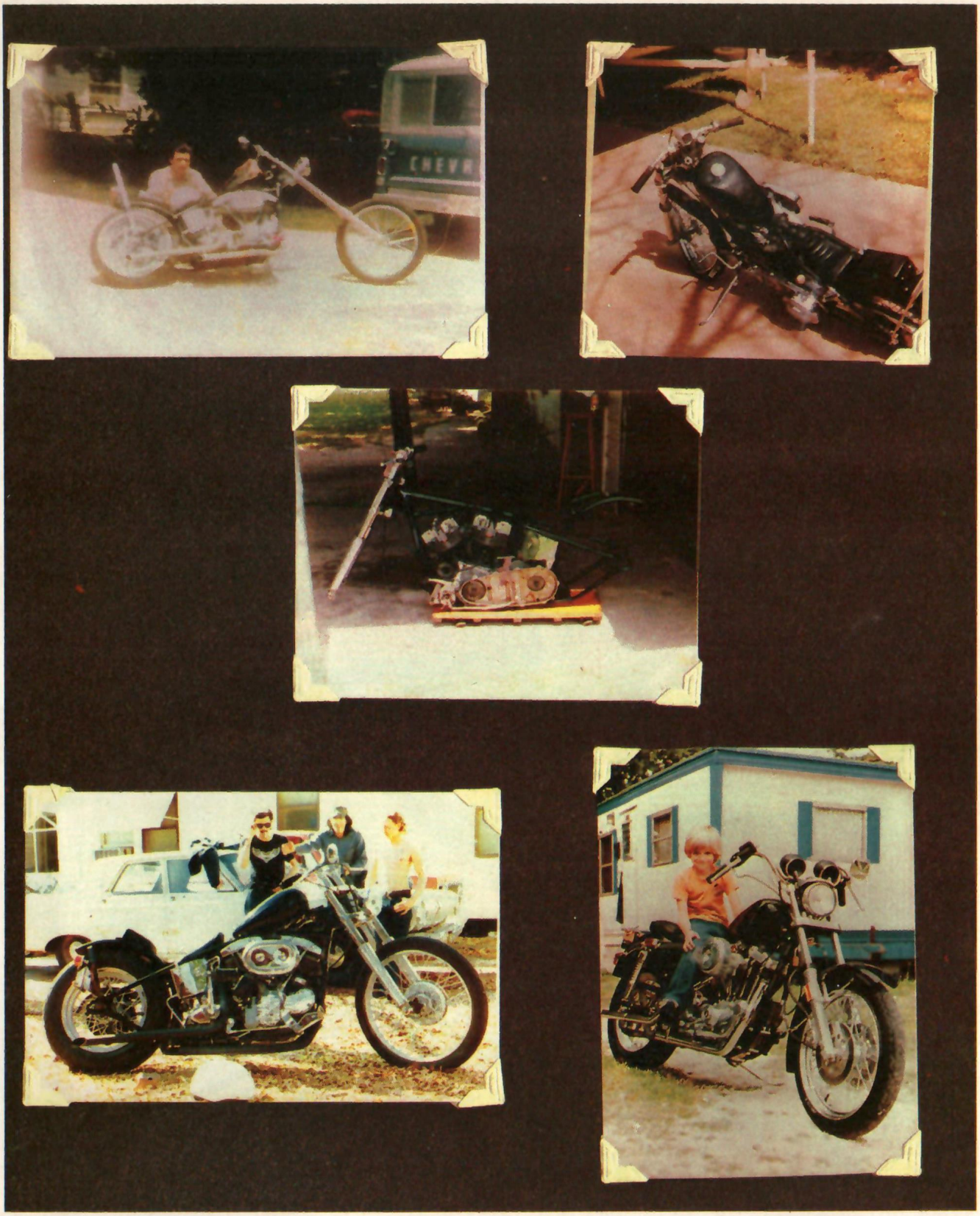
Little brother on the Mustang just before I sold it.

1966, worked after school and bought a new Norton.

A pair of Norton Scramblers. At the time, they wre the fastest street bikes on the market.

After seeing the "Wild Angels" movie, I just had to have some apehangers.

Eighteen years old and loved street drags. Lost my license for 25 tickets in a year, but back then your rode anyway. Fuck it.



1969, my brother's 1960 pan-shovel, complete with pipes made by a local muffler shop.

Wild Turkey and tight curves.

Honest Michael's first basket case, 1948 FL.

Completed 1948 FL, picture taken about 1971. **Third generation Harley rider. Nephew on a 1980 Sportster.**

It Was A Very Good Year

by Barb

The sun came out that morning for the first time in a week, and me and the other guys working for "Glen's Construction Co." were killing ourselves trying to make up for the time we lost. As if that wasn't bad enough, Glen himself had decided to make one of his rare personal appearances. This guy must have been born with a rubber hat on, 'cause he was the biggest prick you ever saw. Glen was a fat, lying, sneaky, cheating bastard. He spent his days sitting in his office stuffing his face with food while we worked our asses off in the cold. He always reminded me of one of those pet rats—just sitting there in his glass cage, consistantly gnawing on something, once in awhile to take a shit, then sneaking back into the corner to eat some more. The only thing those rats had that Glen didn't, was someone to clean his cage.

The prick, who thought his shit was tutti-fruity ice cream, never lowered himself to actually appear on the job site, but that day he was pissed off enough to make an exception. Glen was stomping around in a circle. His eyes were bulging out of his head like a frog run over by a truck, and pieces of half chewed donut flew out of his mouth as he yelled. "You slow-ass bastards! If this job isn't done by Friday, everyone's pay is gonna get docked! I'm sick and tired of loosing money because of you shit heads!

You ... you ... you ... and yeah, you." His finger darted out at us like a cobra ready to strike. "You ass holes are gonna stay here and lay that subflooring if it takes all fuckin night!" We hated him enough to kill him, but none of us had enough energy to fart, never mind to take on a hippopotamus like Glen.

I was really glad I wasn't one of the guys picked to hang around 'cause my head was ready to split from pain, my back was breaking, and every muscle and bone in my body was aching from exhaustion. I needed a good meal and rest. Lots of rest!

How I made it up the stairs to the apartment, I'll never know. By the third floor the air seemed to be getting thinner and my heart was pounding in my chest. "Gotta quit smoking!" but I said that to myself every time I climbed those fuckin' stairs.

I had to push my shoulder against the apartment door just to get in. Once I got inside I found out why. The bag of laundry that I meant to take to the laundromat about this same time last year, was lodged against the hassock, that was lodged against the phone book; and the phone book was lodged up against the door. I stumbled across the kitchen floor trying to avoid the empty cigarette cartons, beer cans, dirty underwear, dishes and semi-crushed McDonald's bags. I stepped pretty hard on one and something red oozed through the thin paper of the bag. I thought it was one of those squeezy ketchup things, but I never heard one of them squeak like that before!

Plowing through the rest of the clutter I managed to locate the general vicinity of my bed, and fall onto it. The crash was deafening in my already throbbing head and it took me a moment or two before I was even able to open one eye to inspect the damage. The head of the bed was now eighteen inches lower than the foot. What the hell. I got my very own "CONTOUR-O-MATIC" bed here and I didn't even have to cough up the money for it. I heard it's good to sleep with your feet elevated. Good for circulation or something.

I took a good long look around the room. It looked like shit. but hey, I like it that way—right? Who was I trying to kid? I'd give anything for a neat place. Man, I'd seen cleaner junk yards. Dust, clothes, boots, leathers, magazines, bike parts, empty beer and oil cans, pizza boxes, tools and dried out moldy food remains were everywhere. And somewhere, in one of the layers of trash buried in that room was furniture. Weird how something as big as a dresser could just disappear like magic. Gee, I haven't seen my dog in a while either. Maybe he's in there somewhere. Maybe he's still alive!

I was shocked out of my thoughts by the phone ringing. It took me a minute or two to find it. "Hello?" It was Maggot asking me to come for dinner. I accepted immediately! I'd be there at eight o'clock. Lucky Maggot. Maggot had Cindy. She made sure his place was always clean, his clothes were washed, folded and put away; his magazines were stacked in neat piles; oldest on the bottom, newer issues on the top. His boots were clean and lined up like soldiers at attention by the foot of his bed which was always covered with clean sheets and never had the foot of the bed eighteen inches higher than the head. All of his furniture was dusted and visible to the naked eye. I couldn't wait 'till eight o'clock.

Cindy was the kind of ol lady every man wanted. Not only was her face and body gorgeous, but she was talented and obedient and she had the most incredible eyes I'd ever seen. She never argued with Maggot, and always seemed really interested in any schemes he had in mind. Whether it was riding a hundred miles in the pouring rain, or camping out on the frozen ground, she was always ready to follow him everywhere. Everyone wanted her. I wanted her! Maggot and Cindy had been together almost a year, and lately Maggot seemed a little nervous. Just last week, right after I heard her mention something about a "contract" to Maggot, he lost control of his Harley and almost went down. He just didn't seem like himself, but on the phone that night he seemed relaxed and happier than he'd been in weeks.

Dinner was fantastic and Maggot and me went into the bedroom to watch the video he rented especially for the occasion. "This is a great fuckin' movie. It's called *PARTY TILL WE DROP DEAD*." As we sat back on

the bed he kept calling to Cindy to bring his "best bro, Butch" another beer. And she did. Over and over again. I drank a lot of beer. About a case I think. The movie stunk. I was trying to keep awake when Maggot started poking me in the ribs. "Butchy, Butch! Wake up man, this is the best part of the whole movie!" I forced my eyes open long enough to see some big biker say, I'm sick of this bitch, I'm gonna get rid of her. You wanna buy her?" Then this other guy, (the bad guy I think) says, "I'll buy her. I'll give you this pack of butts for her." The deal was made, the woman swapped, and the boring movie went on. If that was the best part of the movie, there was no need for me to stay awake for the rest. Maggot stopped the action on the VCR and called Cindy into the room. She walked in wearing the skimpiest red nightie I ever saw. It hugged every curve of her body, and as she bent over to kiss Maggot, the pink cheeks of her ass peeked out at me from beneath the red lace straining to contain them. It took every bit of concentration and restraint to keep my dick from giving me away, and my mouth off of that beckoning flesh.

Just then, Maggot grabbed Cindy by the hair and threw her violently to the floor! "I'm sick of this bitch!" he yelled. "She's too old. Tell him how old you are, bitch!" Menacingly she screamed back at him. "I'm one hundred and four, you bastard!" "See Butch, too old, much too fucking old! What will you give me for her?"

Surprised, juiced and happy beyond belief, I had to come up with something good and something fast! Before I even realized what I was saying I had blurted out, "I'll give you this empty beer can for her." I was sorry immediately. My stupidity amazed even me! I must have been thinking of that god damned movie. Ready to kill myself for being so dumb. I was just getting up to leave when Maggot yells, "SOLD!" I couldn't believe my own ears! It must be the beer. I'm hallucinating. But no, he was pulling a piece of paper and a pen out of a drawer. It was an old-fashioned kind of pen, made from a crow's feather or something like that.

"Now Butchy ..." his voice was soothing now, almost cooing. "This may seem a little weird, but I'm going to have to ask you to sign this little "Bill of Sale" for Cindy here in ... well ... in blood. You don't mind do you? Such a little thing to ask for all of this." and he

". . . I dipped the end of the pen into the the tiny red bead of blood . . ."

gestured to Cindy who had remained on the floor looking very angry and breathtakingly beautiful.

Before I could even answer, he poked a tiny hole in my finger with the tip of the quill pen. I was so drunk I could hardly feel it, and I dipped the end of the pen into the tiny red bead of blood forming on my finger, and signed my name.

The last thing I remember was Cindy supporting me as I tripped and stumbled my way down the stairs. Inside the locked door of his apartment I could hear Maggot laughing hysterically. How strange," I thought ... . then I passed out.

When I woke up the next morning my head felt like punk rockers were slam-dancin' on my brain. Through half closed eyes I sensed something was different. LIGHT! There was light pouring into my bedroom! The windows that only last night looked like they were painted black from the inside, were sparkling in the early morning sun. Washed jeans were hanging on three makeshift clothes lines made of baling wire, and my furniture was in plain view. I swung my feet cautously over the side of the bed not wanting to risk losing a limb on some unknown potentialy dangerous substance lurking in the crud layers, and realized my surprise that my feet were resting on bare floor Bare polished floor! And there at the foot of my bed, bathed and brushed, was Barf, my dog ... ALIVE!

Before I could even get over the shock, there was Cindy with my breakfast on a tray. She looked beautiful even without makeup, and she didn't even look tired. I once figured that if I hired six men with shovels to empty this place, at five dollars an hour, I could clean this place up for about $1,500.00. She was amazing! She was mine!

It was the best breakfast I'd ever eaten. Of course I hadn't eaten breakfast in more than twenty years, but even if I had, this one would still be the best ever. When I was done, she lifted the tray from my lap and disappeared into the kitchen. I closed my eyes and began dozing off, when I was aware of the smell of flowers in the room. I opened my eyes, and there she was lying there naked beside me. Her skin was soft like a child's. The nipple of her left breast was pierced and through it she wore a fine gold ring. I slid my hand down the length of her body and she trembled delightfully at my touch. The inside of her thighs felt like cream colored velvet against my own, and she whispered evil little suggestions in my ear. I was happier than I'd ever been in my life. The year sped past. She spoiled me, and I loved every minute of it.

Then one day, only ten days before we were to celebrate our first year together, she said, "Butchy honey, soon our contract will be expired. Have I pleased you? Made it the best year of your life? Made you happier than you've ever been?" "Why the multiple choice questions? What contract?", I asked. "Oh, you remember, at Maggot's, your little signature in blood?"

"Yeah, I remember. I paid for you and signed a little 'Bill of Sale'—Right?" She giggled the strangest little blood curdling little laugh. "You didn't think it was that simple, did you?" Her eyes glowed with an eerie light. "Here," she said. She stared at me with those devilish eyes and reached into the top of her sweater and pulled the contract from between her fine white tits. Laying it on the table she began smoothing the wrinkles out with her hands. "You'd better read the fine print."

Leaning over, and straining my eyes I read: THE OWNER OF THIS CONTRACT, SHALL, AT THE END OF ONE (1) YEAR, HAVING BEEN COMPLETELY SATISFIED WITH THE PROPERTY PURCHASED, FORFEIT HIS SOUL TO THE DEVIL AS PAYMENT IN FULL.

"What!" I gasped. "That's right, and here's your signature in blood!" "I was drunk!", I screamed. "Sure you were, but do youthink HE cares? A deal is a deal—drunk or sober." "It can't be! If this is some kind of joke ..." "NO joke, honey. In ten days you will be quite dead, and your soul will be sitting in hell with all the others." "Others! What others?" The men I've seduced in the past 104, almost 105 years! You see, I made a deal with the devil too. In exchange for eternal beauty and immortality, I capture souls. Men's souls!" And her laugh chilled me to the very bone.

There had to be a way out. I was frantic. I had only ten days to ride, to be free ... TO LIVE! I felt like I was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

THE TOUGH WAY

Kickin Out from Between A Rock And A Hard Place

Story by Pud

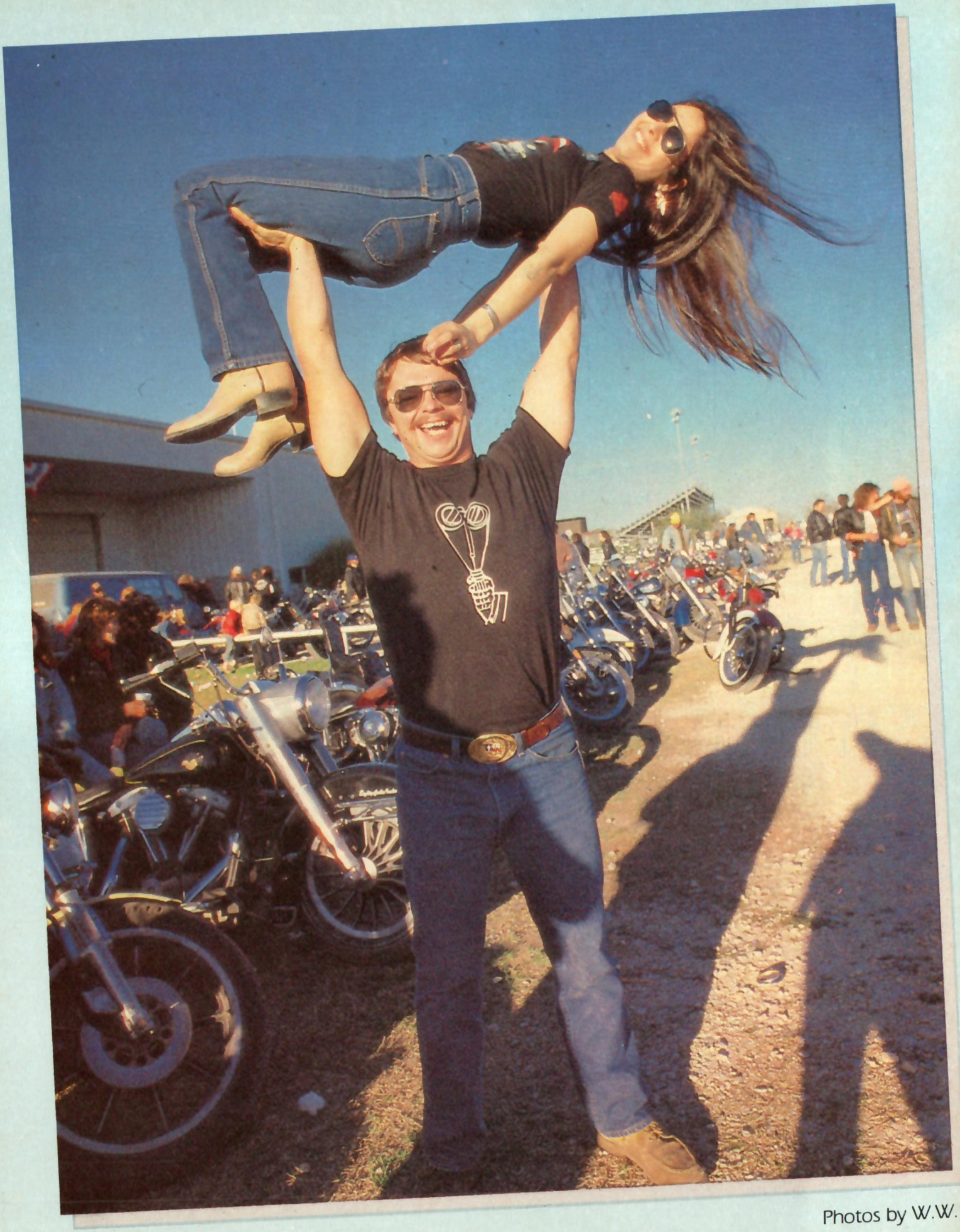
Here's a little number for the Guinness Book of World Records — or maybe for the Iron Horse Book of Knurled Peckers. This here is a solid brass kicker cover. That's right, solid brass; no plating and no bullshit. It weighs better than ten pounds, and as ya can see, it's been well used.

Top Hat got this righteous oddball aboutfifteen years ago from a fellow Californian who was living in Australia. The American picked it up as part of a huge heap of shit that was billed as a 1942 UH basket case. The basket case is another story, but the important detail for us right now is that this kicker cover was shipped to Topper.

The way I understand it, some unlucky Aussie way back when busted his stock aluminum cover, which ain't exactly unheard of, and then ran head on into the Queensland Harley parts situation — he was told to go scratch his ass. Piss up a rope. kiss the hell off. Put another shrimp on the barbie, pal. No got. Bein a resourceful, and probably desperate dude, he ankled on down to his local foundry (or machinist) and had this baby cast. That's how I heard it. It's also possible that after he busted his original, our Aussie just said the hell with aluminum and the bauxite it rode in on and went for a less brittle metal. I don't know. But I do know that the result is an off-the-wall piece of Harley history from halfway around the world and almost all the way under it, and a reminder that some guys will do anything to ride. I imagine that if this unknown Aussie hadn't able to get this cover cast he'd have figure out a way to start his bike with a rope, or a swingset, or trained a wallaby to do it for him. Parts or no parts, cracks or no cracks, this dude was going to put some pavement under his tires.

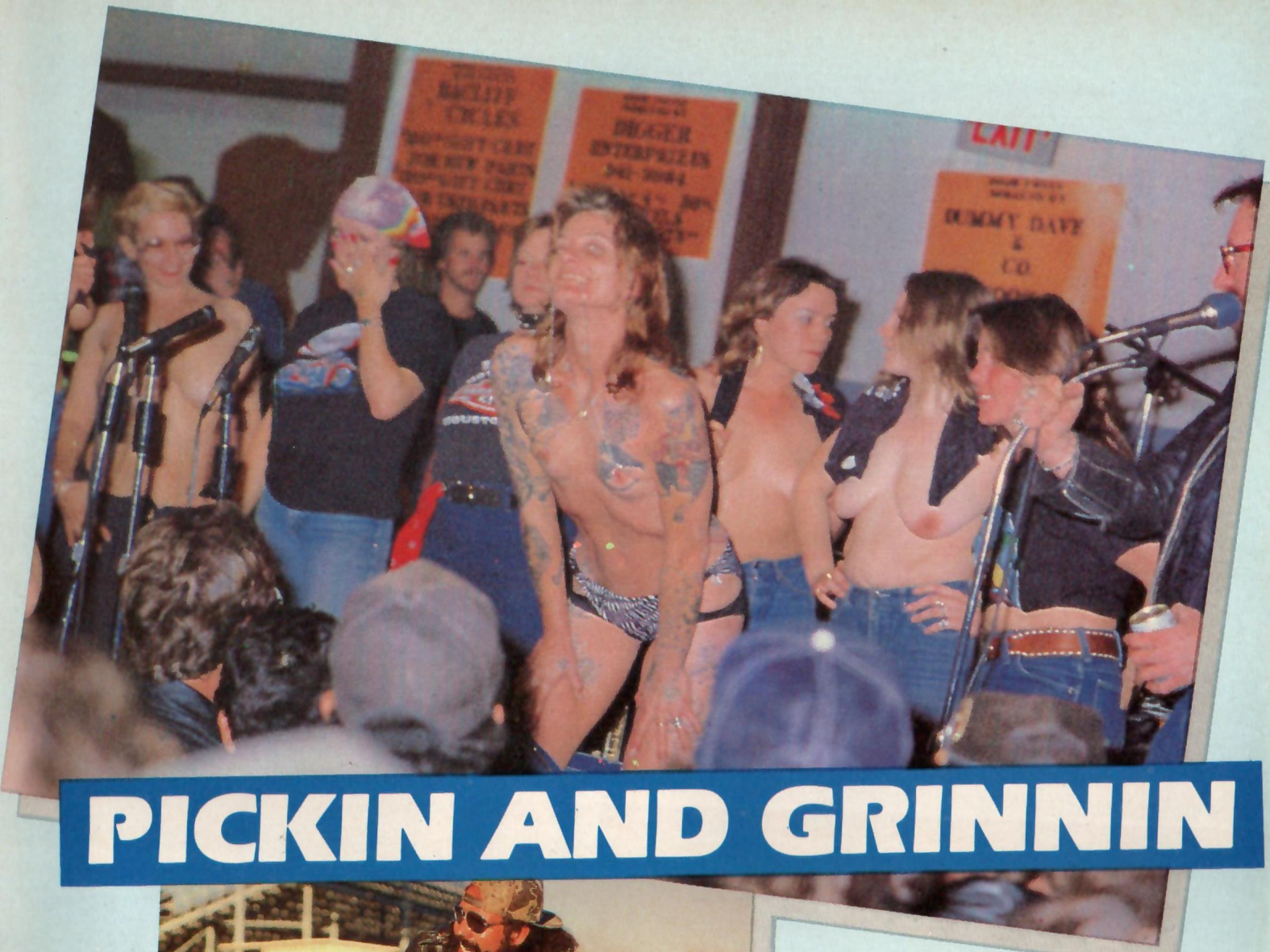
As to why it's sitting here on a leather jacket instead of motatin around on a runnin scoot — well, Top's got lots of reasons. At the three beer level he says that it needs to have a busing fitted for the kicker shaft and a tit for the spring. At six beers there's that, and besides, his stocker's workin just fine right now. At twelve beers there's no more reason at all, but goddamnit, don't it look bitchin sittin up on the mantlepiece.

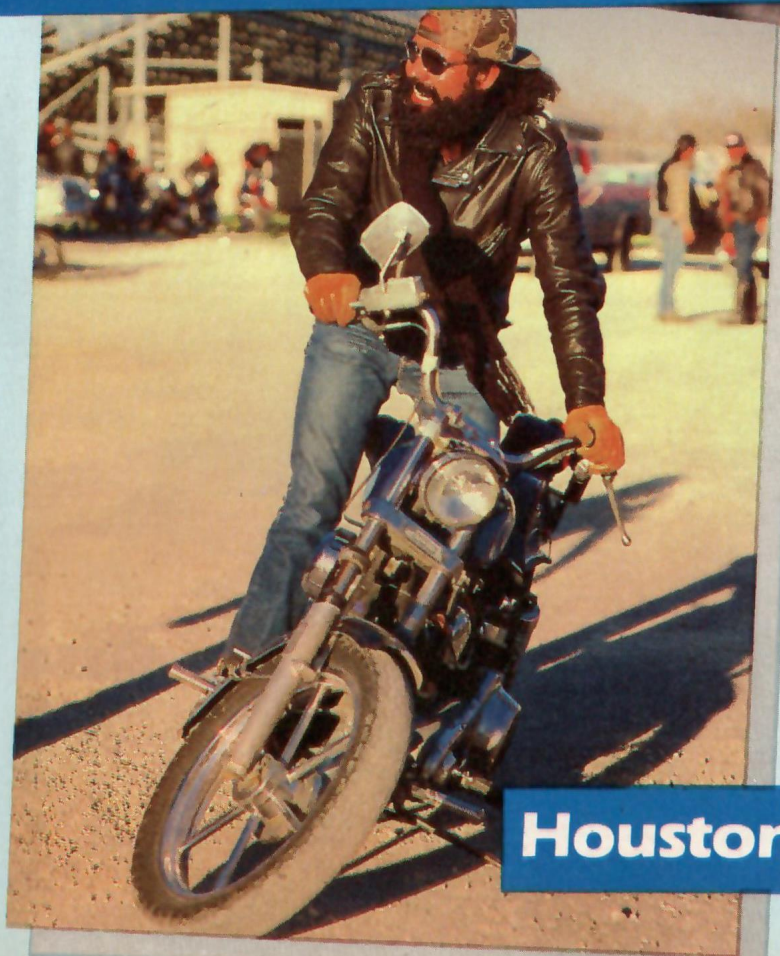
Meanwhile there's this list of people waitin to buy the thing from him ... □



Photos by W.W.

PICKIN AND GRINNIN

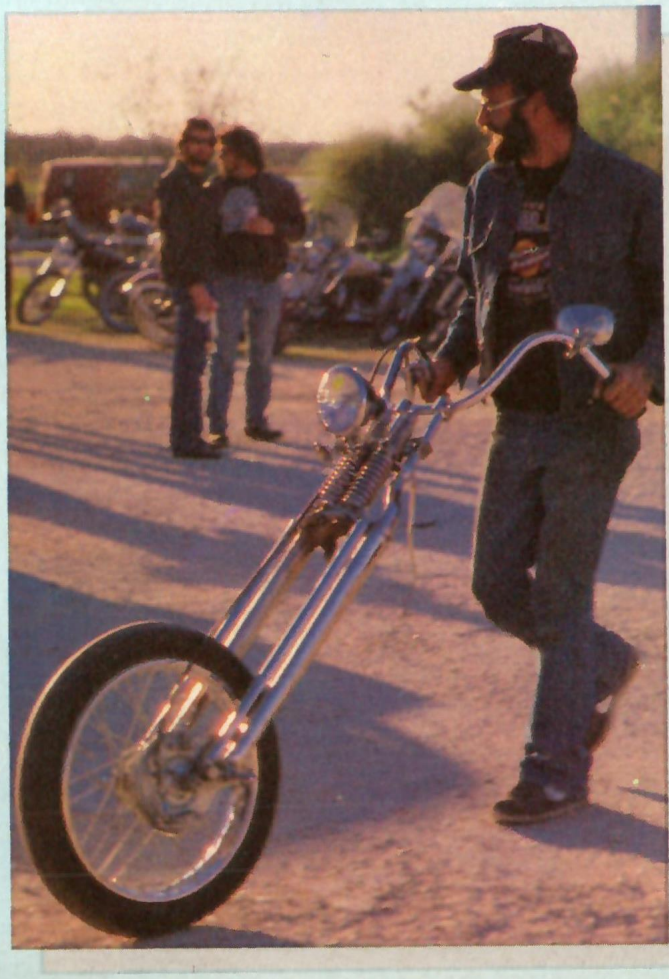


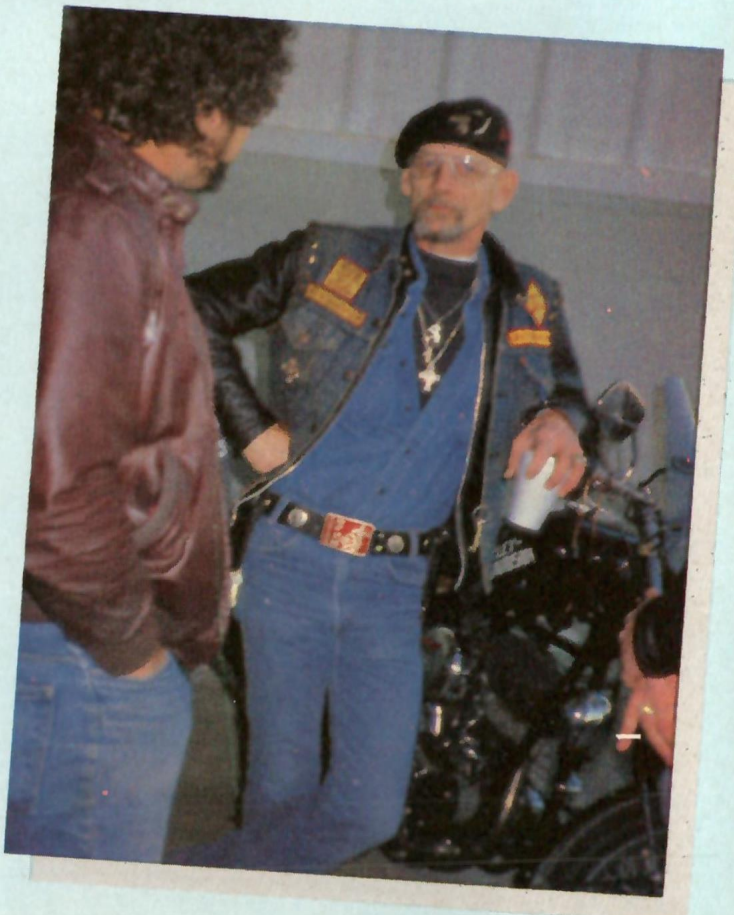


Houston's Hot Swap Meet

Story by Red Dog

Nobody likes a swap meet better than I do. I wander around the aisles suckin beer, readin off my shoppin list, pawin through the shit. I don't always get what I came for, but it never fails that I come home with a buncha crap that I didn't know I needed before I saw it. Last time it was a box of antique spark plugs, including one real strange one with a green octagonal insulator.

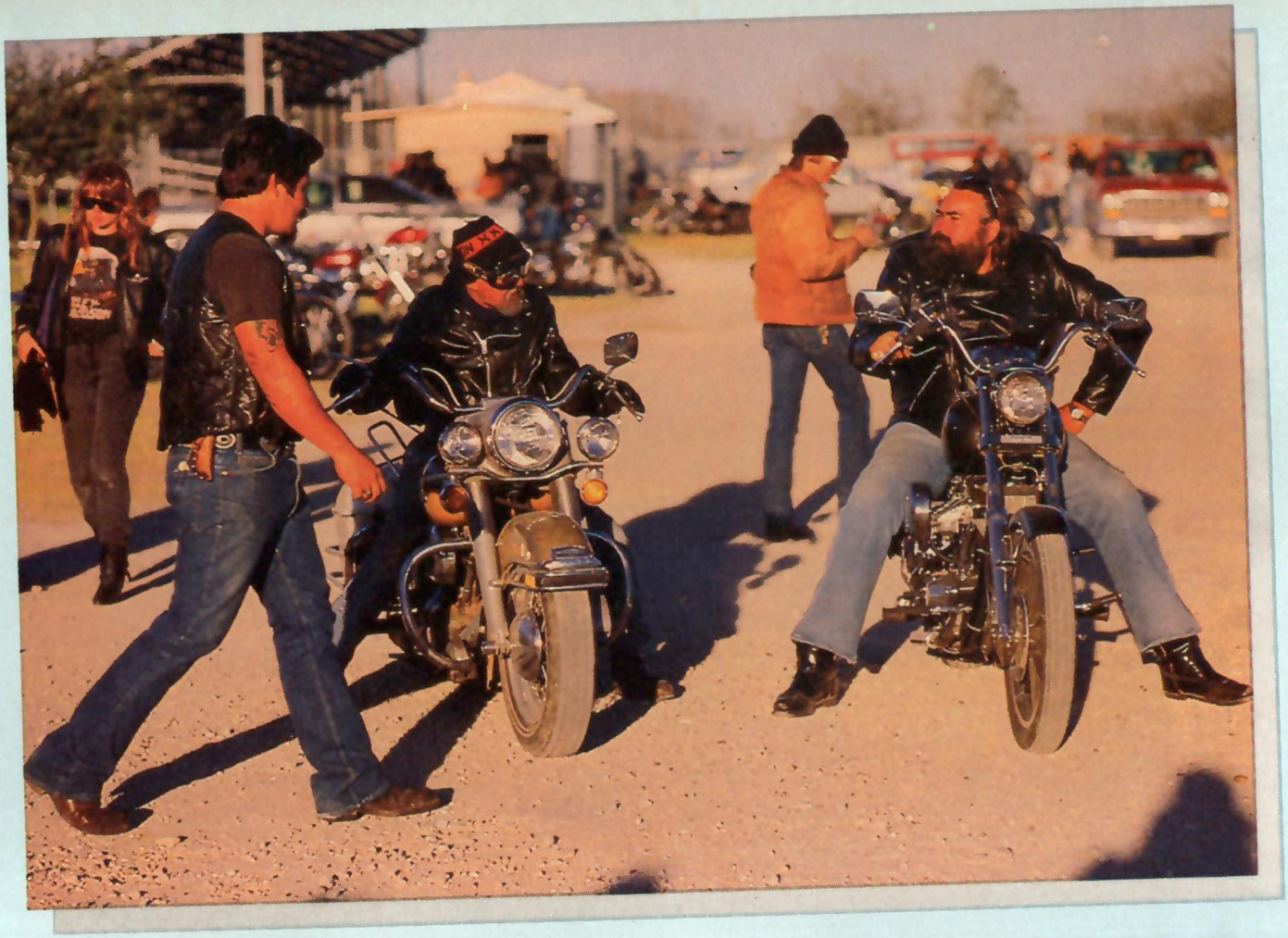


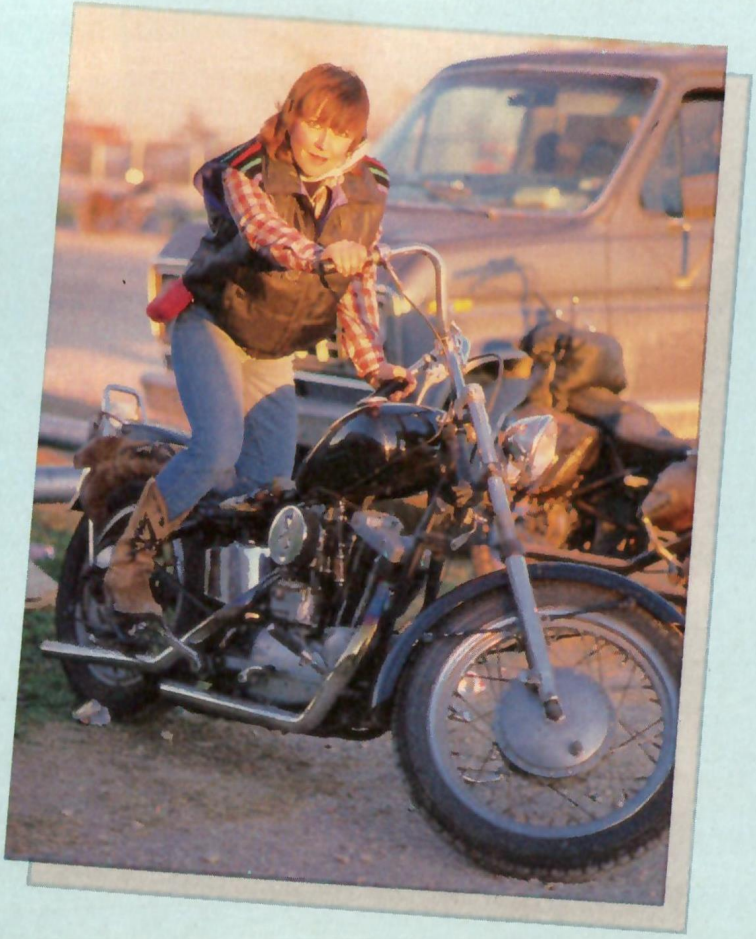


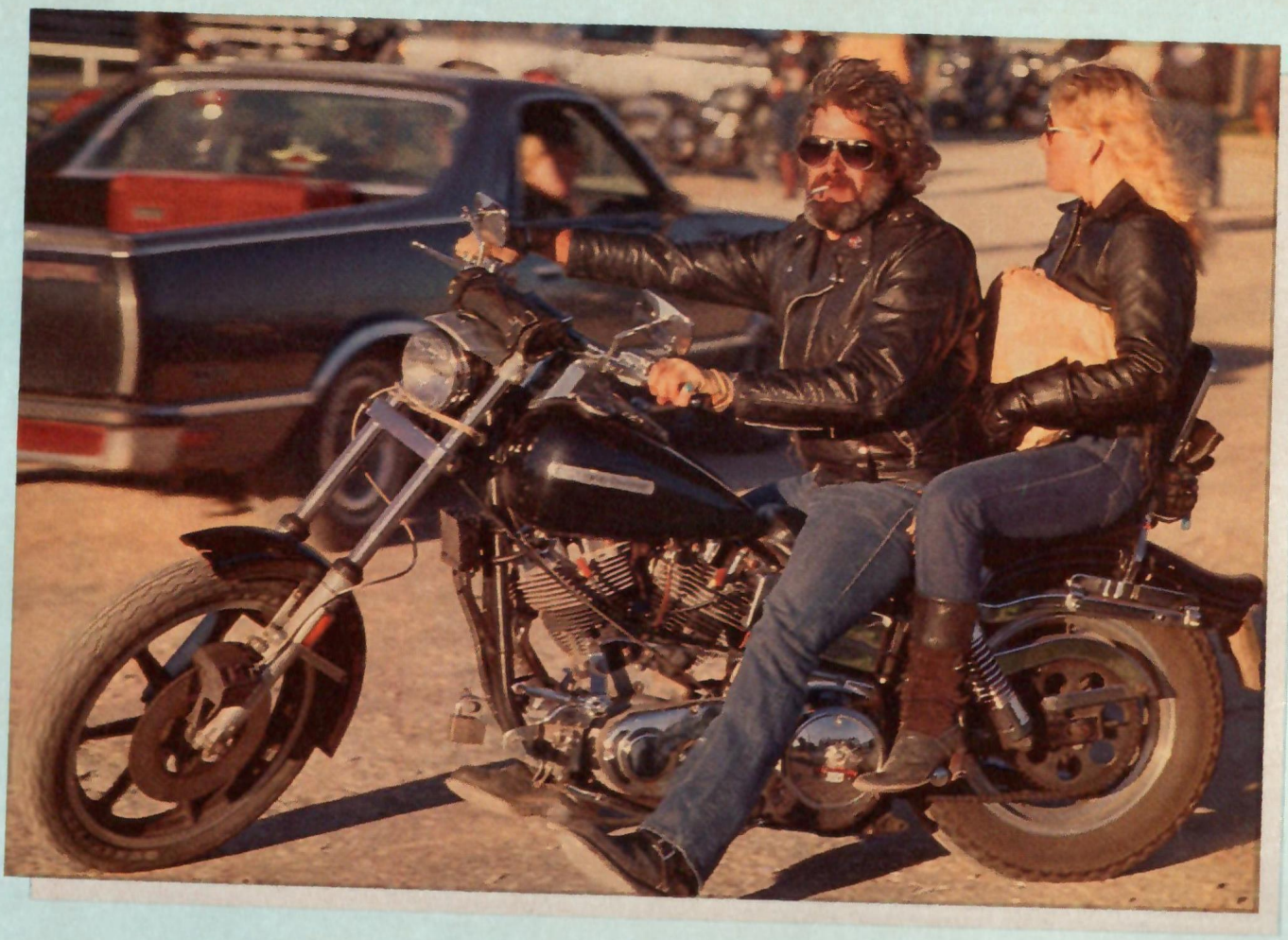
To be honest, I need a box of antique spark plugs like I need a fuckin colostomy bag; but they were there, and I couldn't walk away once I saw 'em. Spent a good piece of the rent on'em, too.

W.W. is another dude who likes swap meets, except instead of messin around with antique plugs and bent headlight brackets, he spends the day casin the people through his little glass lens, snappin the tits and the scooters. That accounts for why his fingernails stay clean and mine up with what at could be my own grandfather's grease stuffed under 'em.

W.W. got these pics at the Dummy Dave & Co. swap meet at the Pasadena Fairgrounds in Pasadena, Texas. It was a lively little party, as ya can see, with about 2,200 people, and a hundred booths sellin bike parts, leather, jewelry, tattooing, and more bike parts. The blast comes complete with door prizes in cash and goodies, a get-naked contest, and live music. Dummy Dave says his parties draw bikers from all over the Lone Star state and even a few long-haulers from Louisiana.





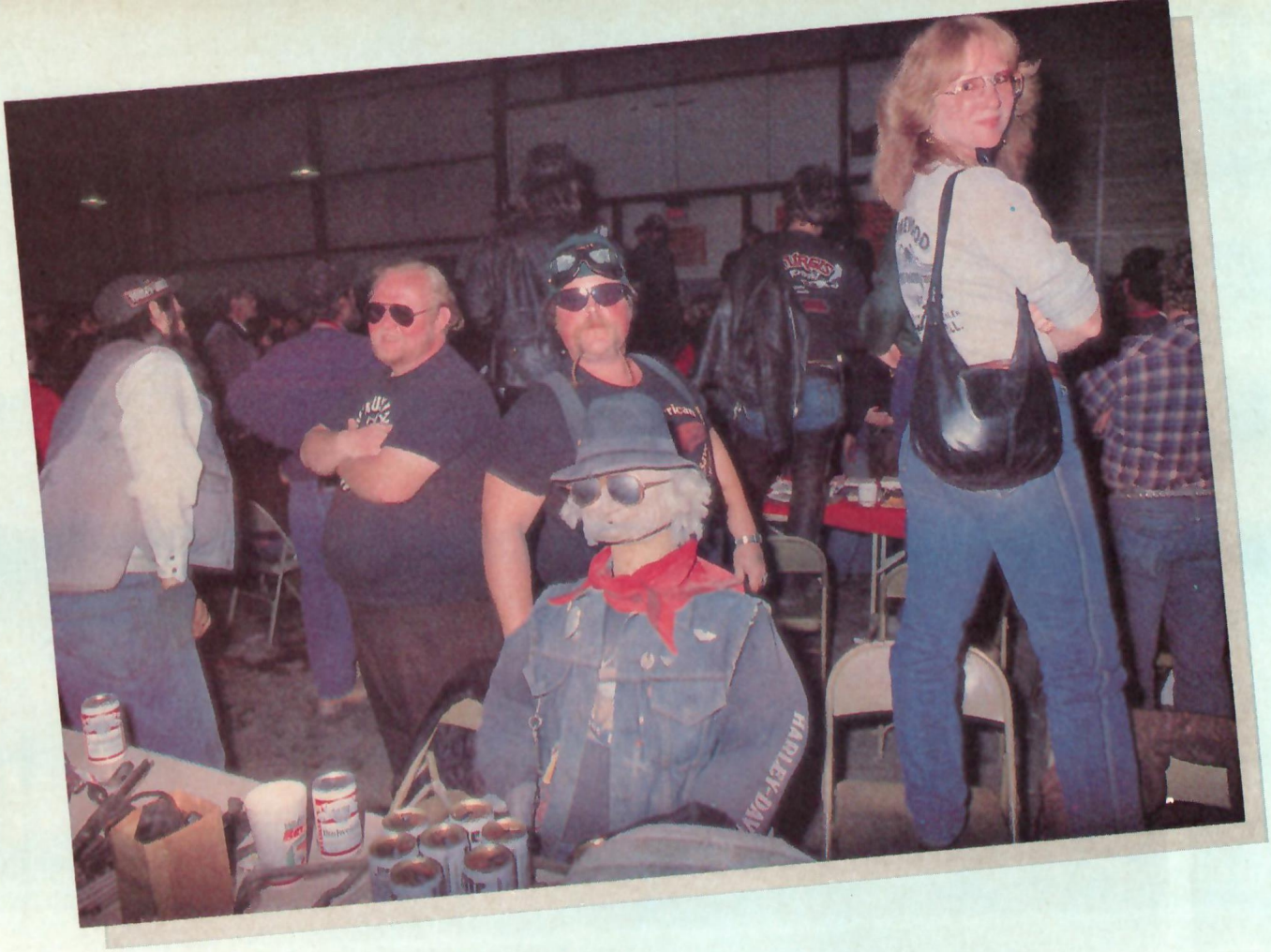


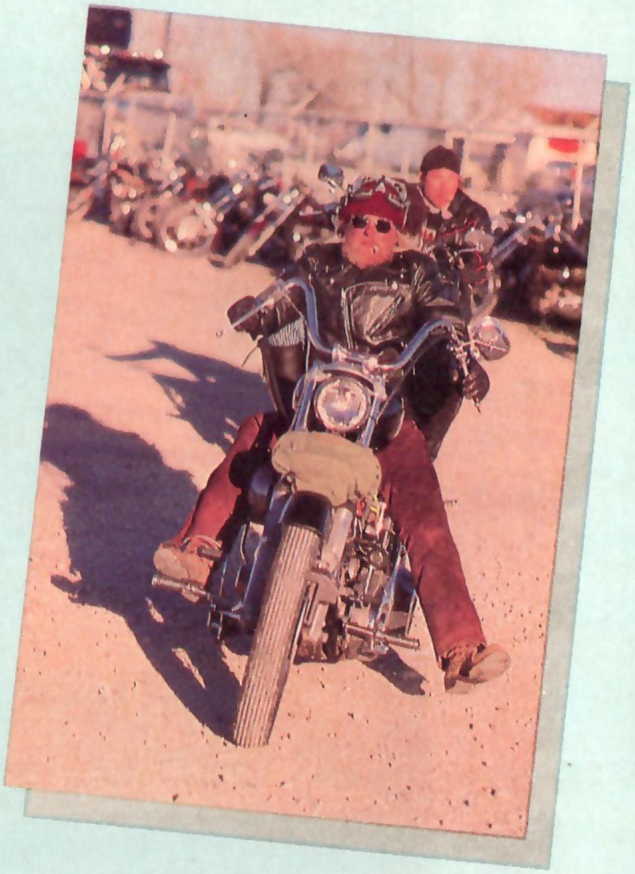
There's a campground nearby that Dummy Dave sets up for the long-leggers.

All these people partyin and W.W. snappin away, and the titties bouncin on the stage—of course. that's the part I always miss because I'm nose down in somebody's orange crate of axles and seat springs, or lookin at Whizzer parts. Which I have absolutely no use for.

But than that's what a swap meet's all about, right? Something for everyone. Titties, beer, scooters, and a box of antique spark plugs. What more could ya ask for?

I can't think of what more ya could ask for, but if ya come up with something, or you're down in the neighborhood, check with Dummy Dave. He has these things pretty often. And leave all them old spark plugs for me. □





IF
THEY
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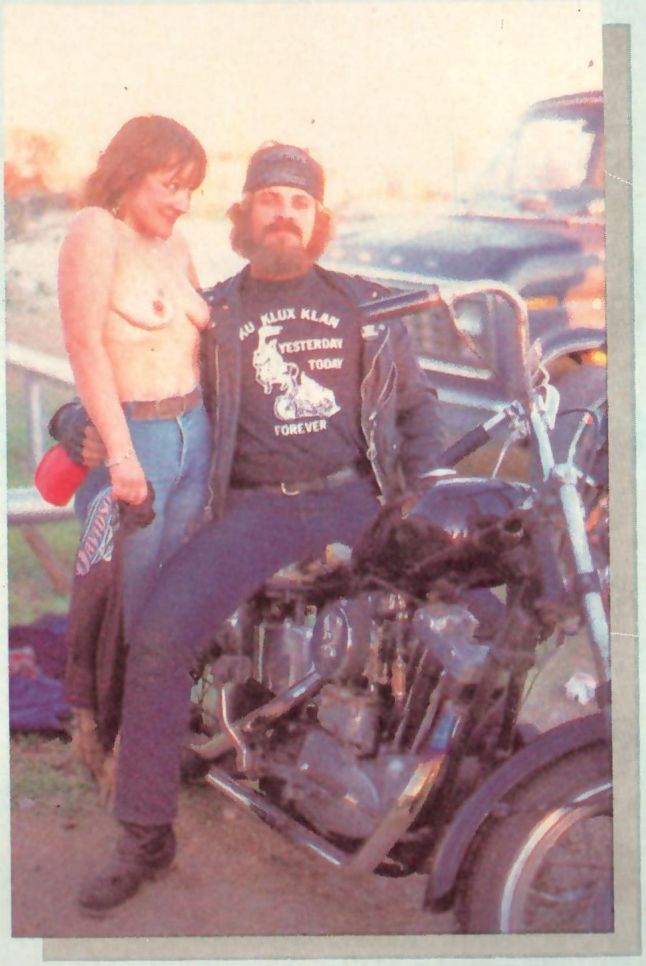

KU KLUX KLAN
YESTERDAY
TODAY
FOREVER

EXIT

EXIT
BUDDY DAVE

IN MEMORY OF FALLEN BROTHERS

"You come into New Rochelle and you expect to see Timmy rippin down the fuckin road, hearin his drag pipes, watchin his blond hair wave around, doin hole shots at every motherfuckin light."

—Nick

Only those who have been there know the hollow ache the death of a brother leaves behind; the anger and emptiness, the knot that forms down in the gut when you remember the hand that will never crack another throttle or grab another beer, the face that will nevermore laugh, the bootheels that will no longer ring on your porch.

It hurts to remember, but it would hurt even more to forget.

On a warm fall day brothers and sisters from all over the Bronx and Westchester County gathered for a run in memory of two of their lost brothers, Timmy and Dap. They spoke to their lost brothers, and about them, using language of the heart: chrome pipes of Harley thunder, rolling tires, leather and inked flesh, with eyes and arms. They said it in the air Timmy and Dap had breathed, on the streets, back roads, and interstates where they had ridden.

The graves were visited, and the long cemetery silences broken. At both stops personal offerings were made and rituals observed—private and solemn matters that outsiders did not intrude on.

After the second cemetery the run

"The Timmy patches—we see people wearin Timmy patches that were't part of the family, man, and it's comin right off. A lotta people got thumped for that shit."

—Tricky

"We love ya, Timmy."

—Brent

Story by Bongos
Photos by Rocco Di Rico

"All Timmy cared about in life was his friends, his bike, and all he wanted out of life was an old lady and kids. When the bullshit came down he would stick by you. It didn't matter. You were his friend. Why did you leave? Life would be so different if you were here."

—Joann

moved on to D'Onofrio Field in New Rochelle for a party in the spirit of the way Timmy and Dap chose to live their lives. Beer flowed into thirsty throats and ran through beards and there was laughter and music and sun.

As the afternoon lengthened and the Midnight Sun band rocked the park, the heat showed up but kept a respectful distance. It wasn't the kind of party for cops to fuck with. In fact, only one minor incident scuffed the day. The run was making a left off a major boulevard on the last leg, heading toward the park. Man-mountain Tricky had pulled out to block oncoming traffic. A yuppie couple, either drunk on wine coolers or hurrying toward a tennis engagement, decided they weren't sitting still another minute for a pack of hooligans on motorcycles. Maybe they were brain damaged. They pulled around Tricky, which was not a smart thing to do, got stopped ten feet later by Sneaky Pete on his Sporty, and circled by about ten other men, who gave them a short lecture regarding details of highway behavior that are not covered in driver training manuals.

But the incident was over quickly, and forgotten at the park. The words came out in then in the sun—words in memory of Timmy and Dap.

"You wanna know about Dap, man? He was the sickest motherfucker that ever walked. He'd do anything. Anything. Anything, anyone, anytime."

—Sneaky Pete

163 *2nd Annual*
"TIMMY-DAP" RUN
October 4, 1986
1:00 pm
D'Onofrio Field
$10. per person $15. per couple

This column was written by one of Timmy's tightest brothers not long after his death. Reprinted by permission from *Pipe Dreams*, newspaper of SUNY Binghamton, and with permission from the author.

Goodbye to a friend

Del Miranda

When the phone rang, it never occurred to me that anything could be wrong, but something was wrong ... terribly wrong. At first I thought something had happened to my mother. But I found out that wasn't it. My closest friend had died. That was October 29, 1984.

Four months later, it still hasn't sunk in. How do you write a eulogy for someone I would have gladly died for? When the door bell rings I still expect to see his long blond head of hair come boppin' in. I expect the cat to start growling and my mom to start worrying, because that's when the party would begin.

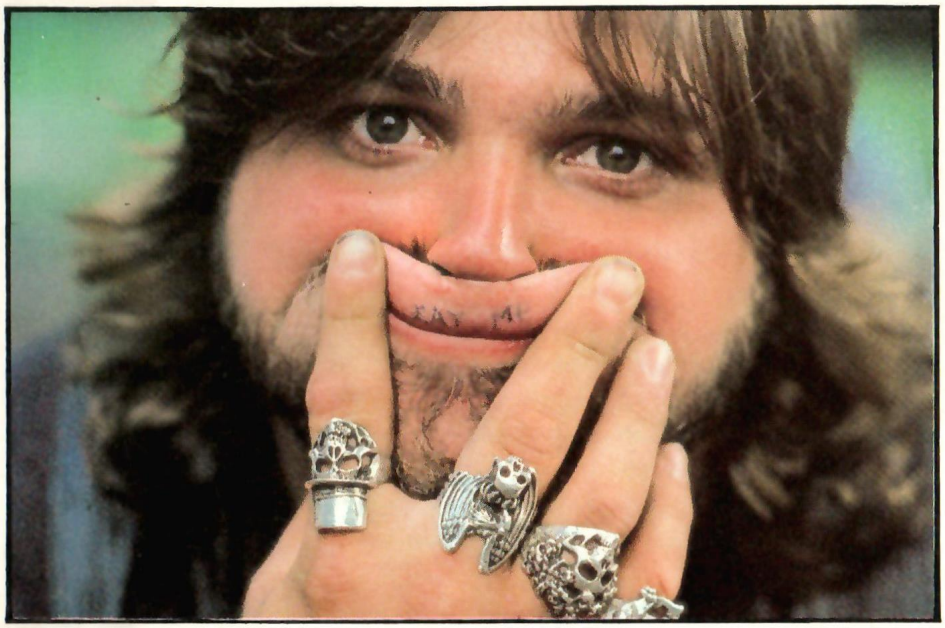
My brother (I'm proud to call him brother), was good — too good for this world. On his bike, he was poetry in motion. And talk about righteous. He never cheated or harmed anyone in his entire life.

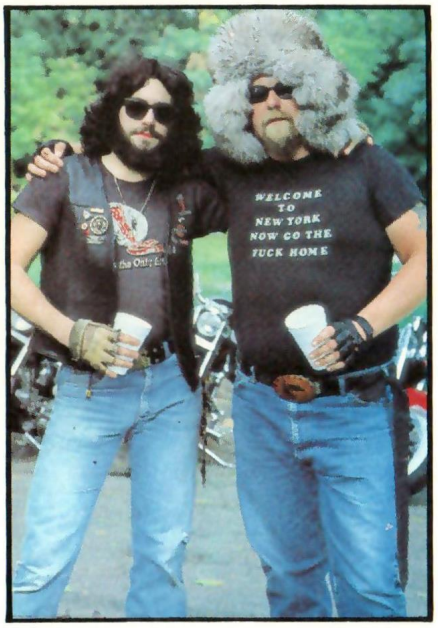
His faded blue jeans, black tee shirt, black bandana and crooked smile were always a sight for sore eyes. No matter how low you were feeling or how bad your troubles, he could always brighten your day. The beers, the women, the fights and the riding. It just doesn't seem fair that we'll never do them together again. With all the lowlifes living today, why did someone as good as my brother have to die?

On November 2, we took our last ride together. It was a cold and rainy morning, but 30 brothers fought the cold to take one last ride with our brother. The people on the streets couldn't believe their eyes when they saw a N.Y. State trooper leading 30 helmetless bikers through town. Then, when they saw the hearse and the cars following, they understood.

The world can take away my brother, but it can't take away my memories. Memories that have made me a better person. Memories that no one will ever be able to experience. I consider myself lucky to have been able to ride and live with him.

Ride on Timmy.




WELCOME
TO
NEW YORK
NOW GO THE
FUCK HOME

FUCK OFF

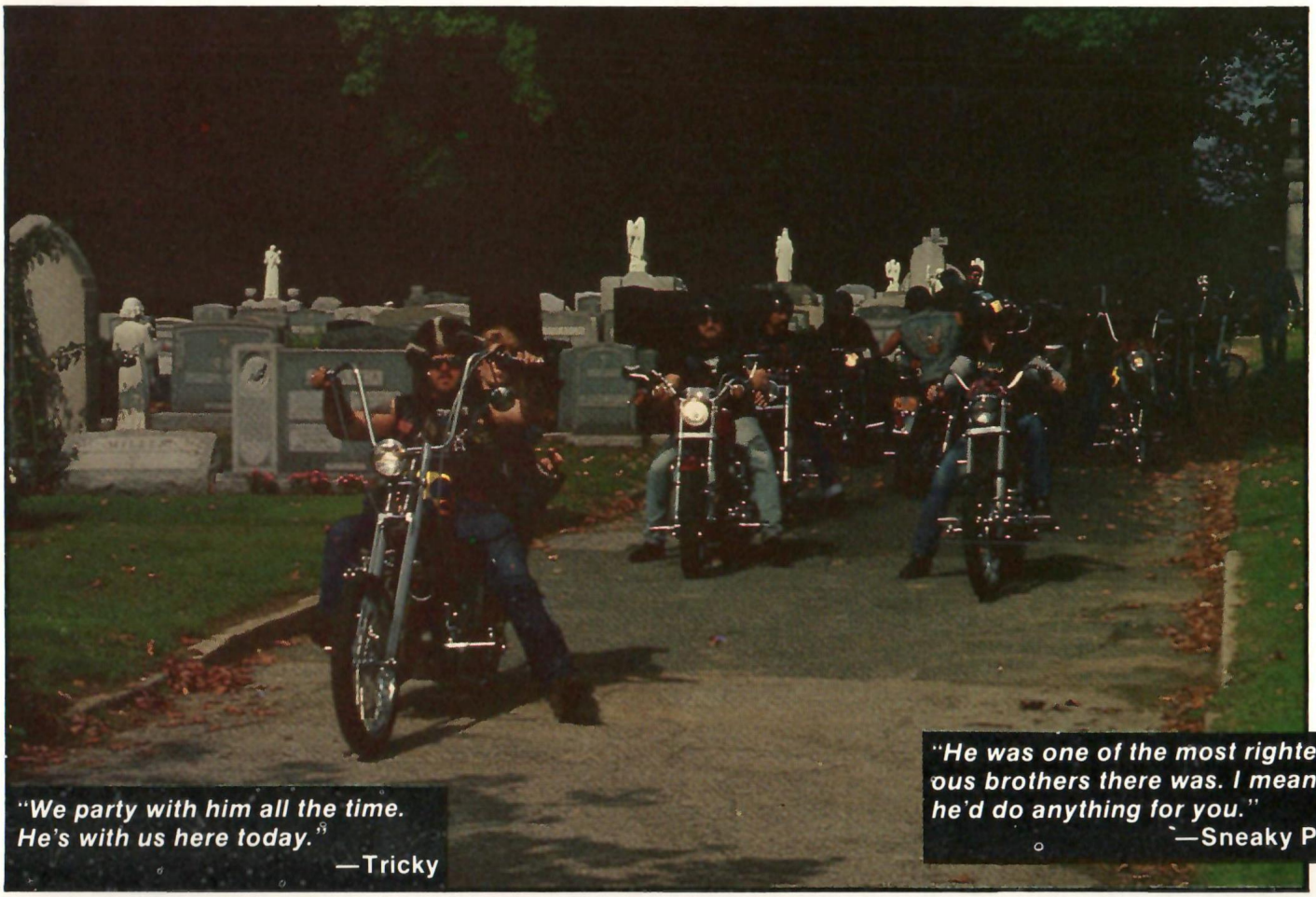
Aloha Hawaii

"Fuckin A, I miss Timmy. I came three thousand miles to see him.."
—Del

"Dap, man, with a bottle of Jack Daniel's in his hand, yellin and screamin, you could hear him from a mile away. Good old crazy Dap."
—Tricky

"The thing with Timmy was that everybody got along with him."
—Nick

"I wish he was here. I feel lost without him. It sucks without him. Without those guys, man, you don't care what comes your way."
—Tricky



"We party with him all the time. He's with us here today."
—Tricky

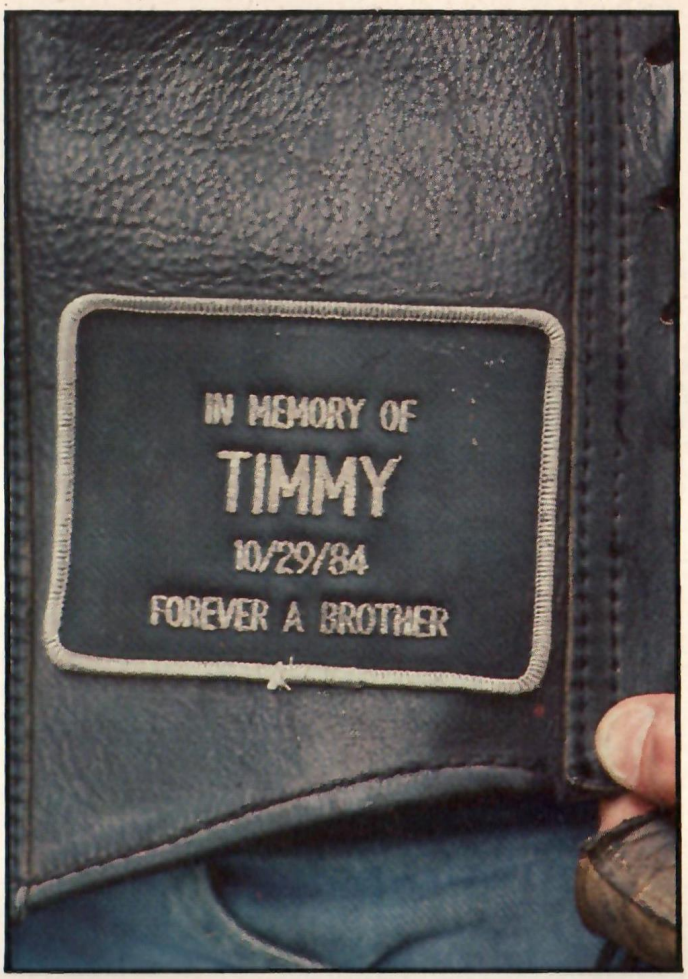
"He was one of the most righteous brothers there was. I mean, he'd do anything for you."
—Sneaky Pete

GONE BUT NOT
FORGOTTEN
TIMMY

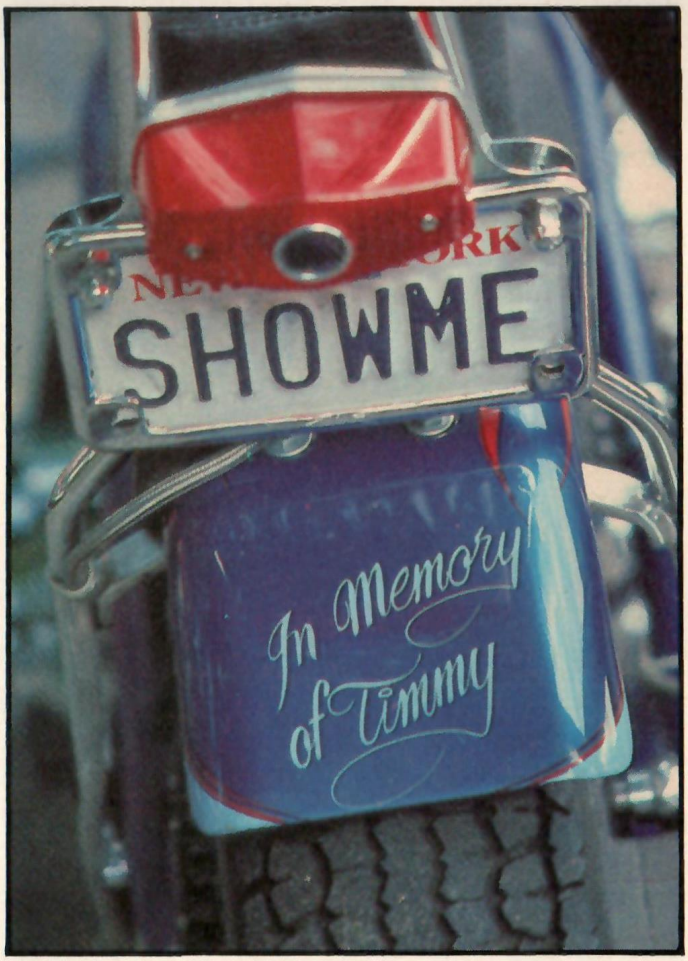
IN MEMORY
of
TIMMY

In Memory Of
TIMMY

IN MEMORY OF
DAD
INRI
SENDOFFER


IN MEMORY OF
TIMMY
10/29/84
FOREVER A BROTHER

HARLEY
TIMMY


SHOWME
In Memory
of Timmy

THE VISION

A Head-Cleaning Sight

I was over to Bonehead's place the other day checkin the progress on his panhead trike. We were standin in the driveway smokin cigarettes and wishin there wasn't quite so much hangover in the air, when Bonehead pulls this flyer from over the sun visor in his car.

It was a run announcement from some club whose name I forget. Bonehad found it on the bulletin board of a supermarket, which was pretty weird since to start with Bonehead don't exactly make a routine outa personal appearances in supermarkets, and also

Photos by Pete Haynes

MJ-70X19"

cause it ain't the usual place for run announcements.

These guys, whoever they were, had so many contests planned that it sounded like a carnival, but the three that stick out in my mind (in fact the only three I can remember) were for the narrowest hips (on a broad, I hope) the widest hips, and the ugliest woman.

"The ugliest woman," Bonehead said. "That's when you're really proud of your old lady." I didn't say anything, having got one of those images of horror ya sometimes get when the fumes of last night's beer are still foggin up the inside of your head. Not some image of a dog-headed snake, or a man-eating gas pump with fangs, but of a broad sweeping the biggest hips and ugliest woman contests, then plantin her enourmos ass on my p-pad. And the fender, droopin over the plate and onto my seat. And winkin at me.

I tell ya, it gave me a lurch, but it was only a vision and it passed after a couple cold ones. I don't know how come when I get those kinds of flashes the're always of these huge grizzly bear broads and not of a sweet slinky babe like ya see here. Some kind of a personality defect, I think. Bonehead has a simpler answer. He just says, Top, you're crazy.

And anyway, when ya get down into the grim reality of it, my scooter looks more like an old shoe than Ken's bike. I understand that Ken's righteous motor was built by Revmaster in Berdoo. If they're still out there anywhere we'd like to hear from 'em.

Anyway, like I said, the vision went away after a few beers. And now, after lookin at these pics for a while, I think it'll stay gone.

TORCYCLE
SPECIALIZING IN
74-80

iron
horse

T'S LONG HAUL

A Lotta Years, A Lotta Miles

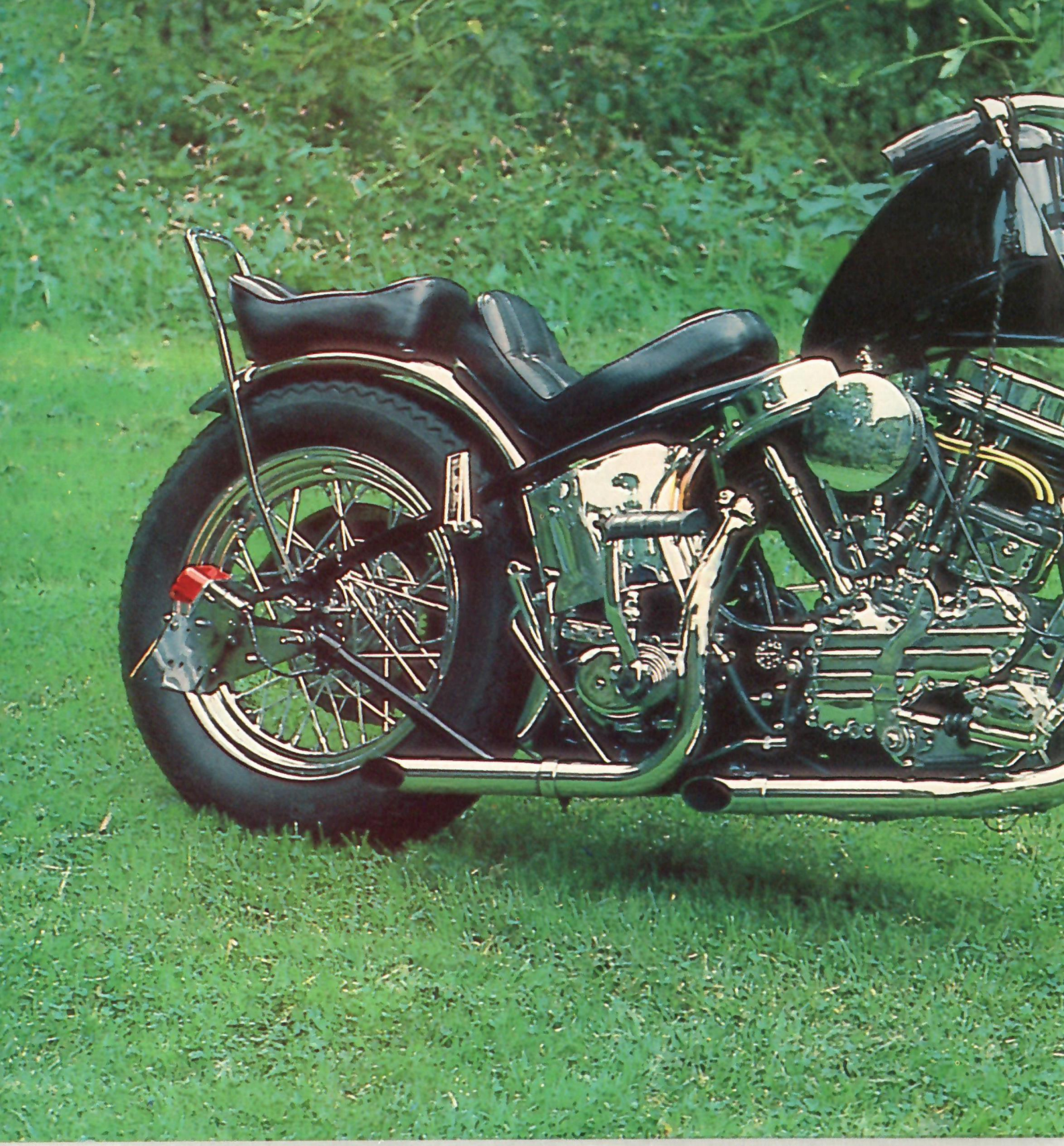
Story by Stormy Monday

Photos by Matt Bradley

Back in 1962, which is a few years before our tenderest little drinkin-age sweeties were even born, this man named T copped himself a 1949 panhead in a basket, stone stock and very dead, and shoved it into a corner of his garage. There it sat for nine years, to around the time when the aforementioned just-legal honeys were entering the first grade.

They'd be walkin by swinging their Archie and Veronica lunch boxes while T was draggin the old pan parts out into daylight, sifting though for the pieces he needed and wingin the rest, scrapin off the accumulated smegma of nine years idleness. These same girls that we piss our paychecks away on now, buying round after round of shooters, had only learned to tie their shoelaces a little while before T started building his dream: a classic roadeater, clean and sharp and fast as a switchblade.

I don't mean to make T sound like an old geezer—he's not. He just got started early, that's all. Early and right. He built this scooter almost exactly the way it is now, same rake and 16-over forks, same Sporty tank and flat rear fender, same sidemount plate and traditional black paint scheme. And it didn't have then the same stuff it



doesn't have now, like a front brake and fender.

When it first rolled fifteen years ago, it came with apehangers and a tall sissy bar. Six summers back T whittled it down to its current righteous lean look, like I said, classic. The furious hungry road animal. It looks like it's headed for warp factor six even when it's parked.

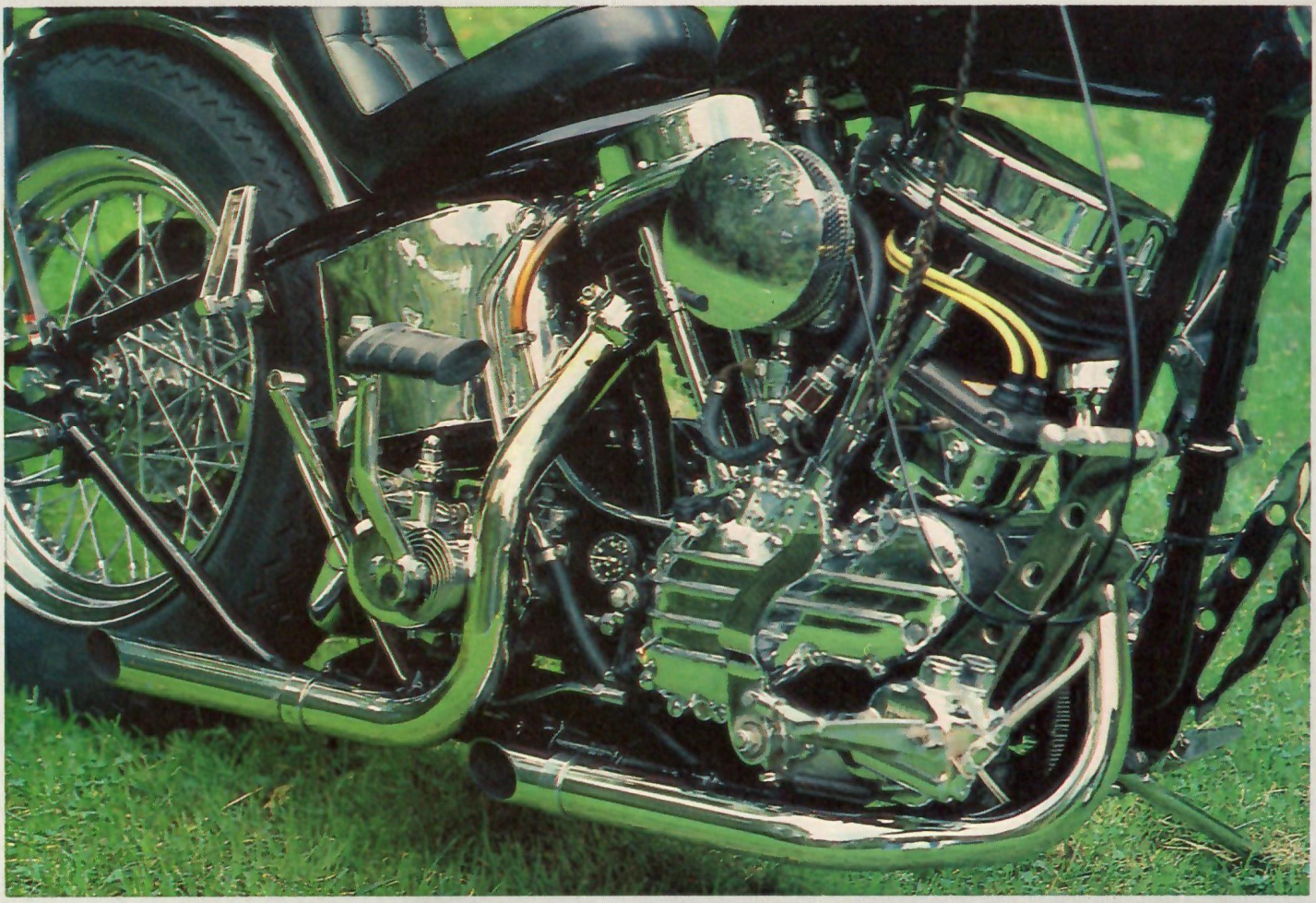
T will admit to having done a couple of experiments over the years, mostly with fatbobs and shotgun pipes, and then disexperimenting it back to the way it was right quick. He uses other hogs to try new ideas—in the years since he bought the basket he's owned three; a Sporty, another pan, and a shovel.

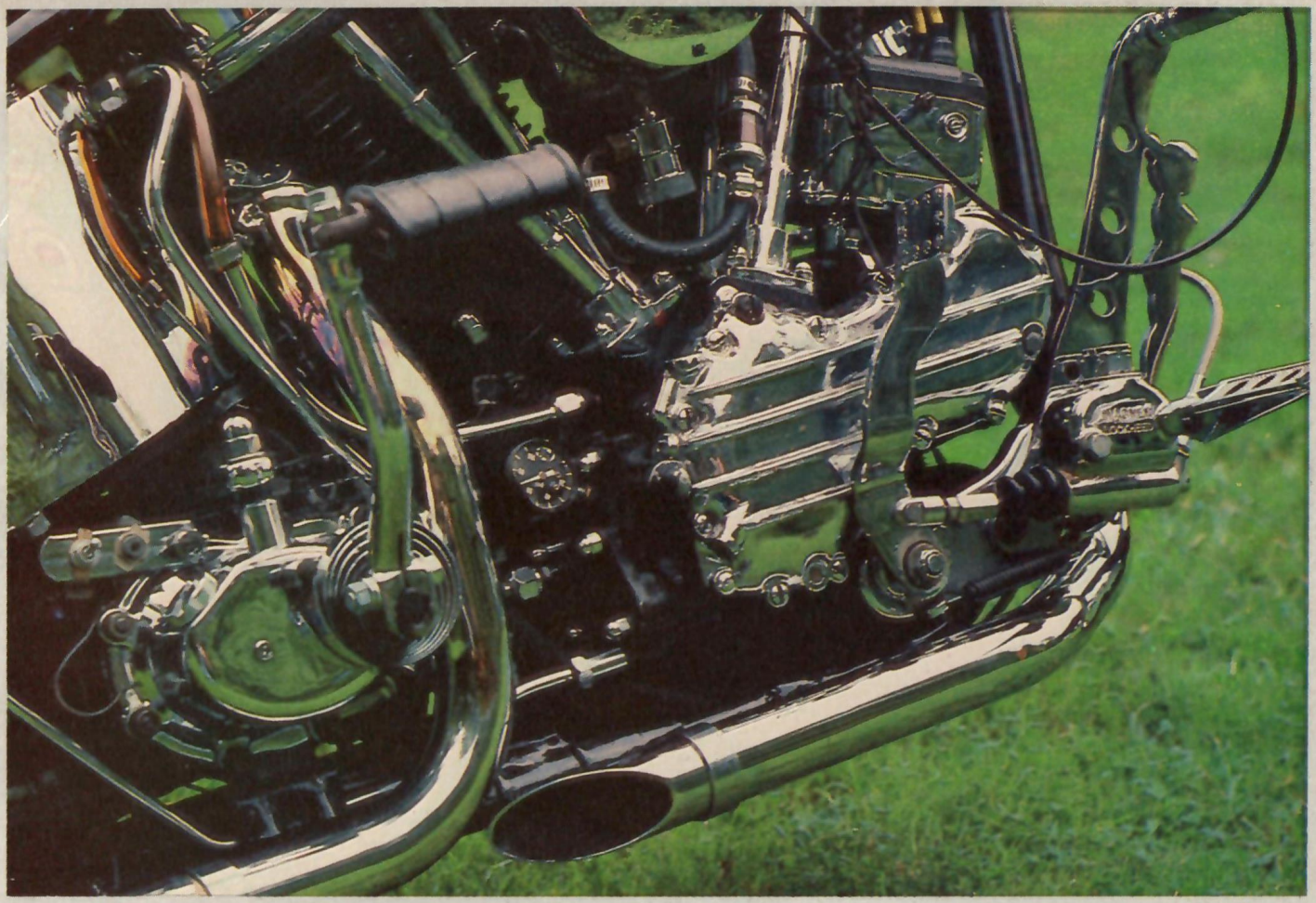
Somewhere in the life of this pan, it got a 1964 mill. The one thing T won't talk about is the engine except to say that it'll "perform." Shit, Tina Turner and Bobo the Talking Dog both perform, too. The question is how good. (Real good in Tina's case, not so hot for Bobo). Ya try to press him about the engine and he just smiles; If someone wants to go, I'll go, he says. But he just flat woun't cough up on what's

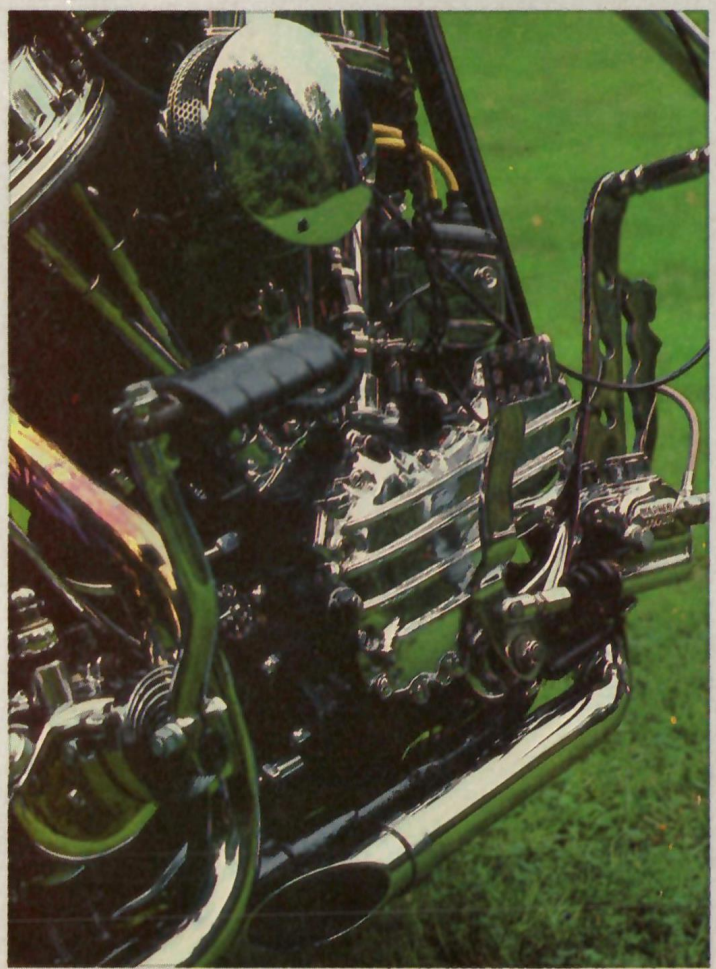
churnin ponies inside. I think the only way ta find out is on a good stretch of cop-free road with some green hanging in the balance.

And even though he won't talk about speed he will talk about reliable. In fifteen years the only time the bike ever stuck him was with a flat on the Throg's Neck Bridge, which if ya don't know is a huge erection in the Bronx (one of many, according to Spacy Gracy) that arches way up in the middle. (Like Spacy Gracy.) They sent a wrecker out for him, but T told the guy not even to bother getting out of the cab, and made him drive interference while he pushed his scooter to a safe landing spot.

T says he'd sell this pan if he got his price, but after talkin with the man for a while I'm not so sure about that. It's more likely that he'll keep it, along with the new Harley he wants, until the little girls that are just now turnin drinking age have their own little girls, and they grow into a thirst for shooters and scooters all their own, and start reproducin yet another generation. Forever, is what I'm saying. Forever, like a classic deserves.







TECH SHEET

Owner: T
City: New Rochelle, NY

General
Fabrication by: owner
Year and Make: 1964 H-D
Model: FL
Value: $5,000
Assembly By: owner
Chroming: Brown

Engine
Year: 1964
Model: Panhead
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: Magneto
Displacement: Not sayin
Lower End: Not sayin
Balancing: Could be
Pistons: Two
Cases: H-D
Heads: H-D
Cams: NOt sayin
Lifters: Sure
Carbs: Linkert
Air Cleaner: Paughco
Pipes: Paughco
Mufflers: None

Frame
Year: 1949
Builder: H-D
Type: Hardtail
Rake: three-quarter
Stretch: None
Other Alterations: None

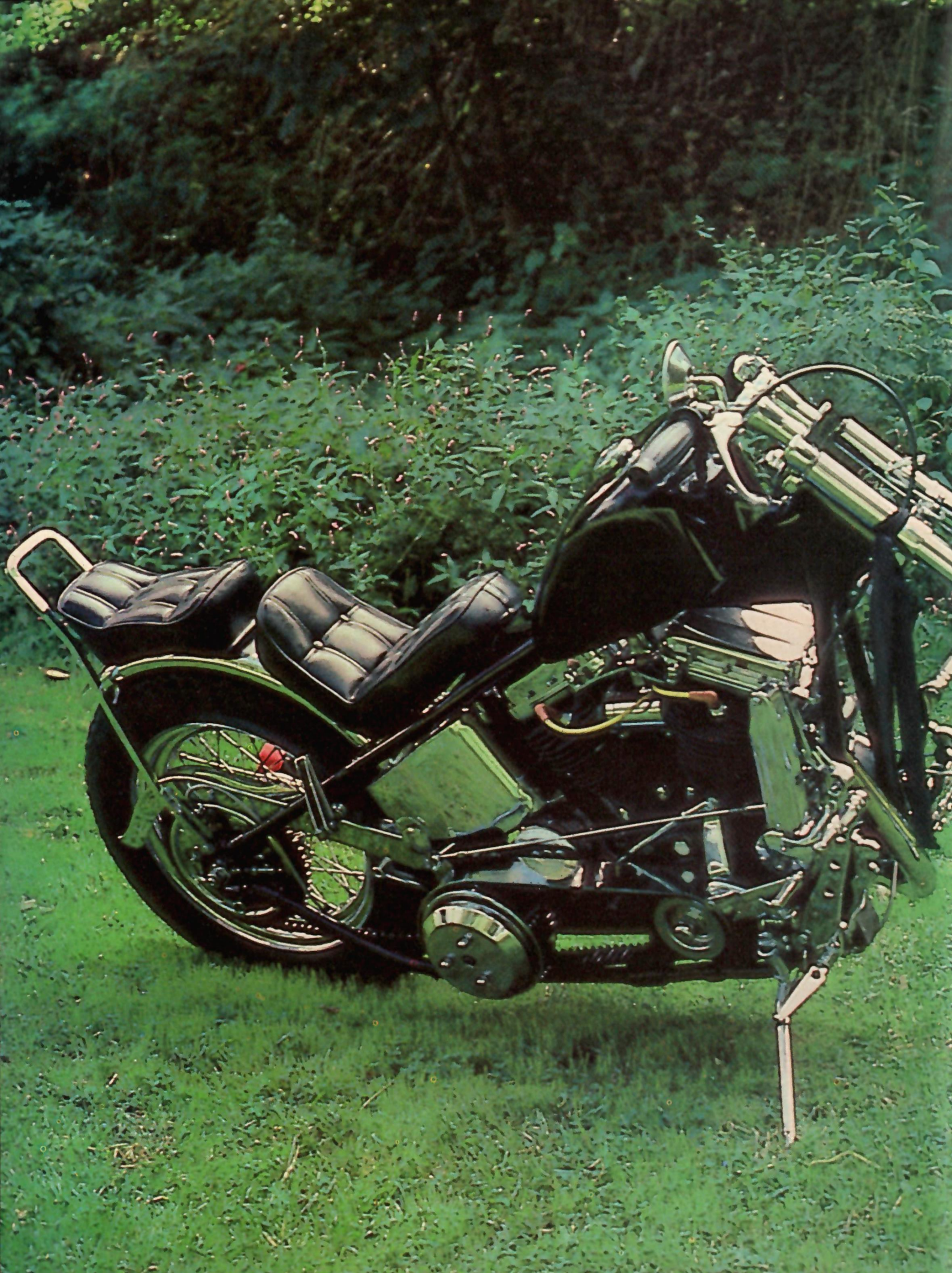
Accessories
Bars: Drag
Risers: 4 inch
Fenders: Flat rear
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Bates
Speedo: None
Front Pegs: Yep
Rear Pegs: Two sets
Electrics: Yeah
Gas Tank: Sporty
Oil Tank: Wraparound
Oil System: Cooler from a Ford
Primary Cover: Open
Seat: Aftermarket

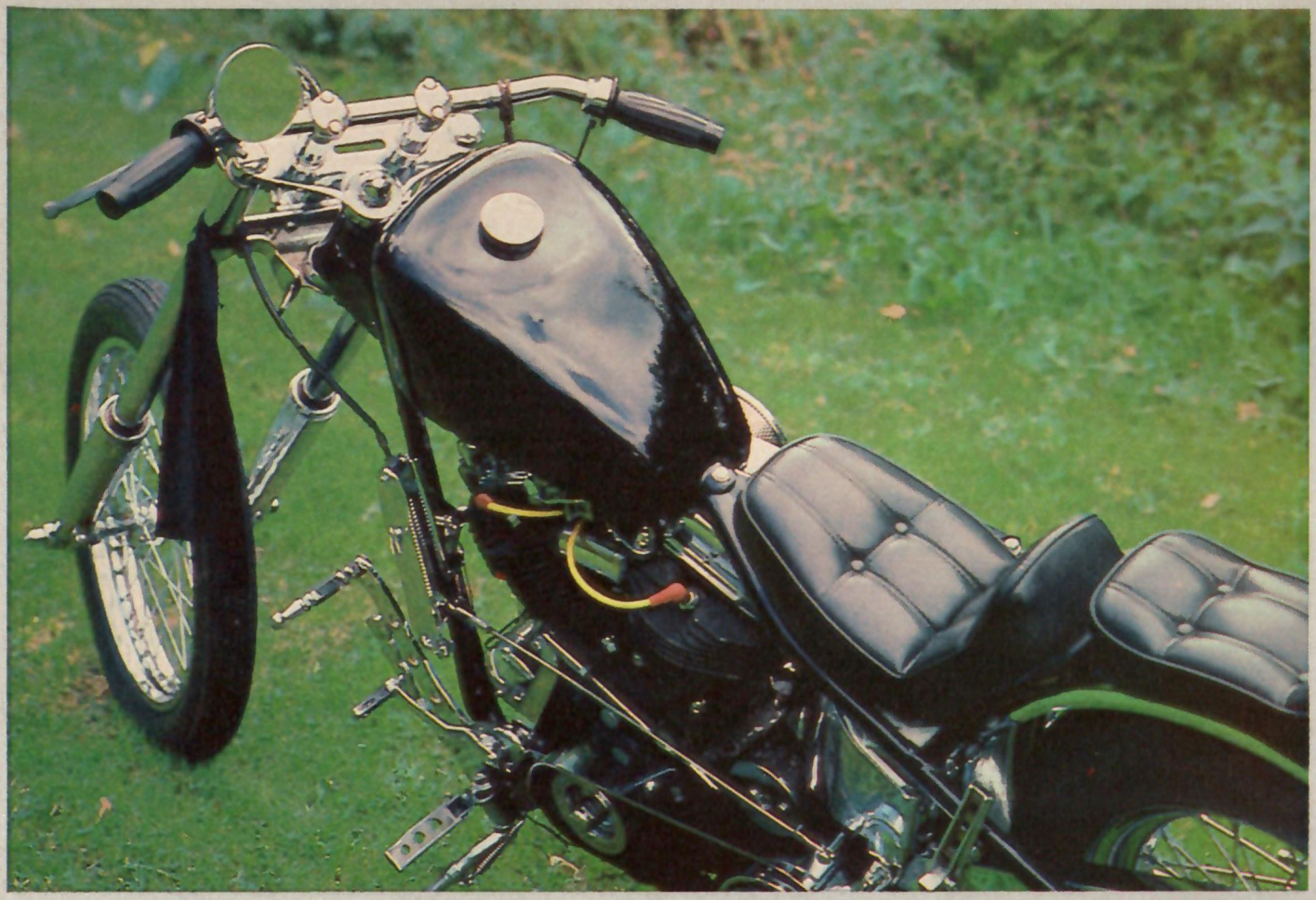
Tranny
Modifications: Might be
Year: 1972
Shifting: Foot

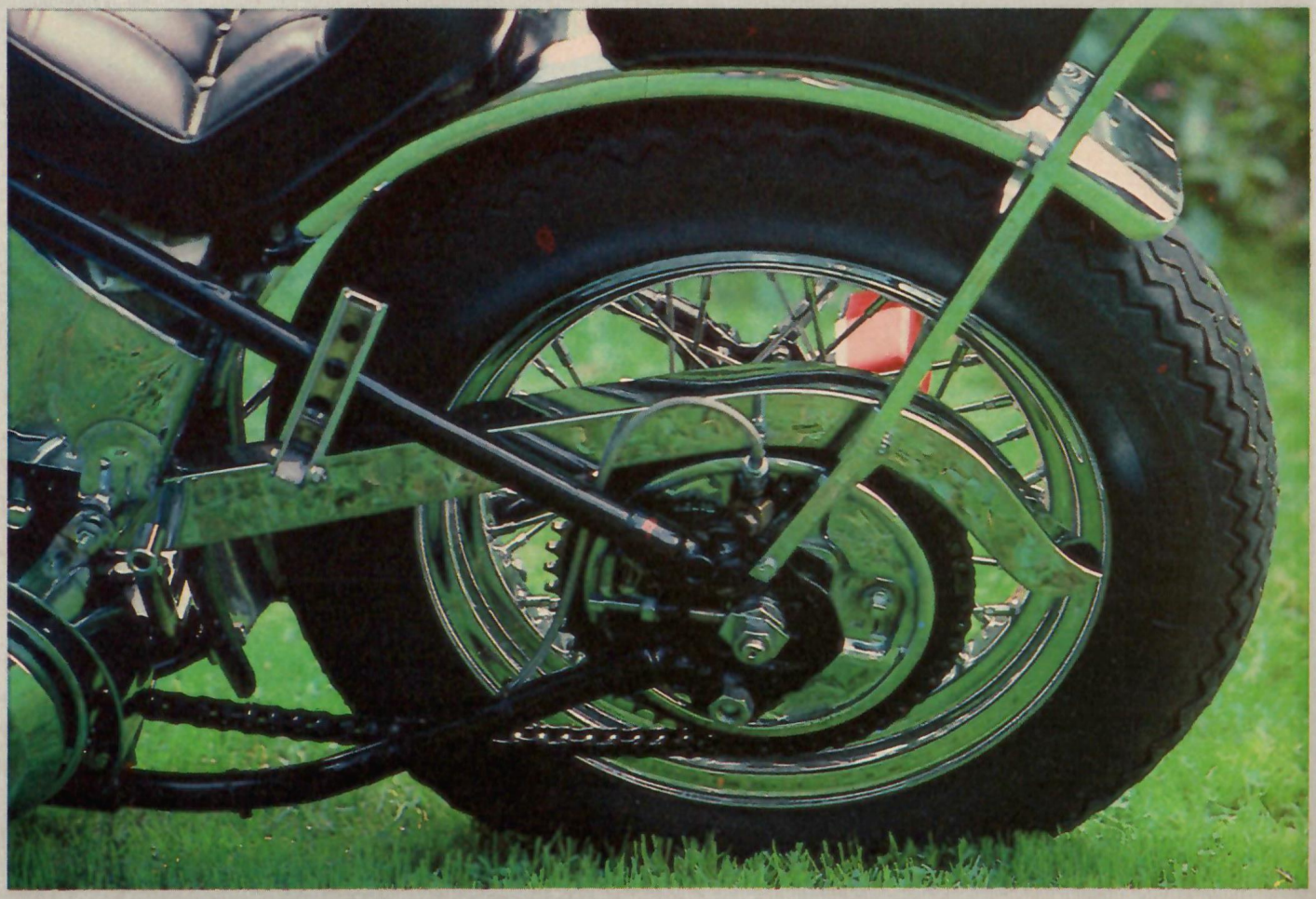
Painting:
Molding: Owner
Painter: John from Yonkers
Color: Black
Type: Imron

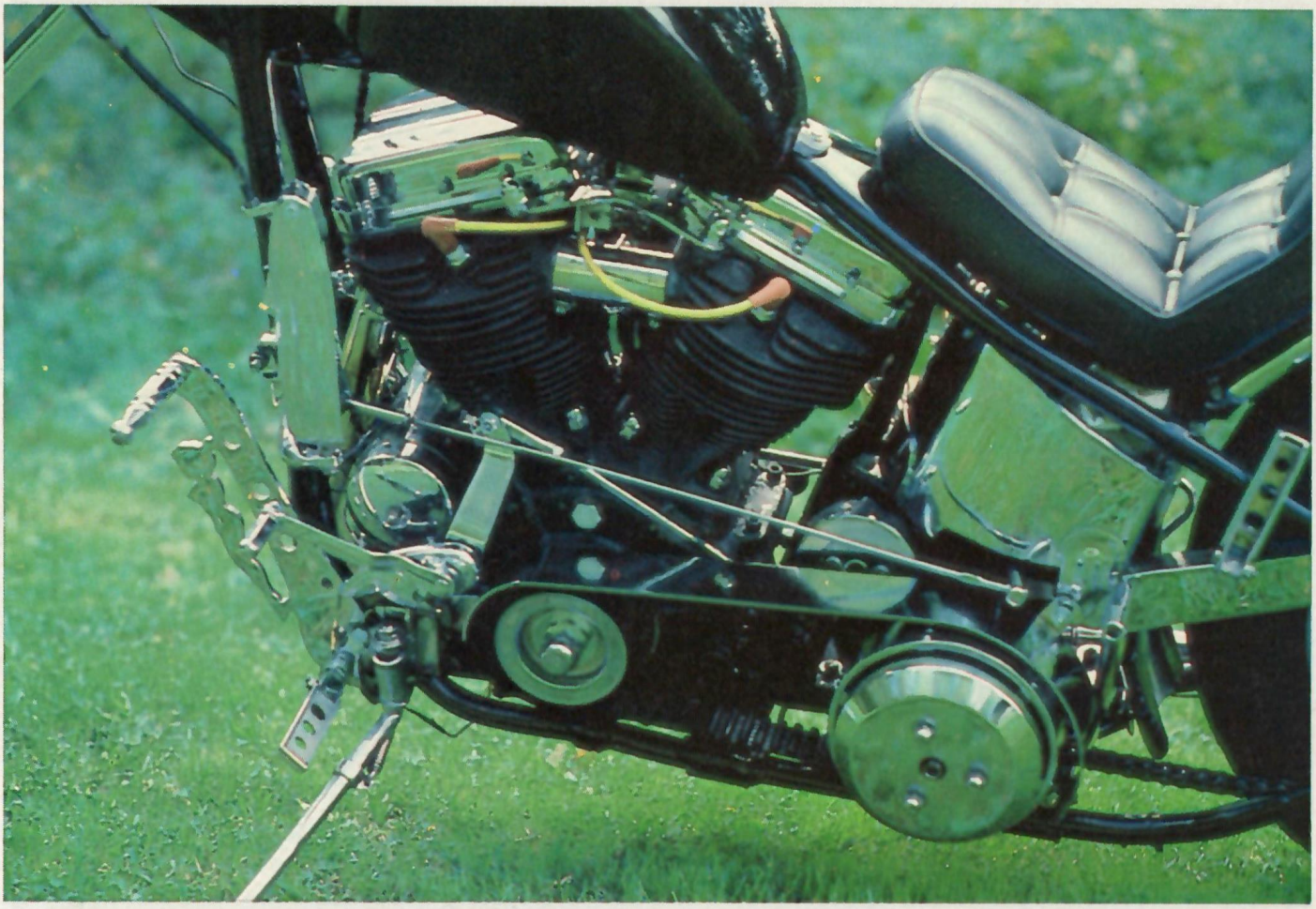
Forks
Type: Glide
Extension: 16"
Builder: H-D
Special Features:

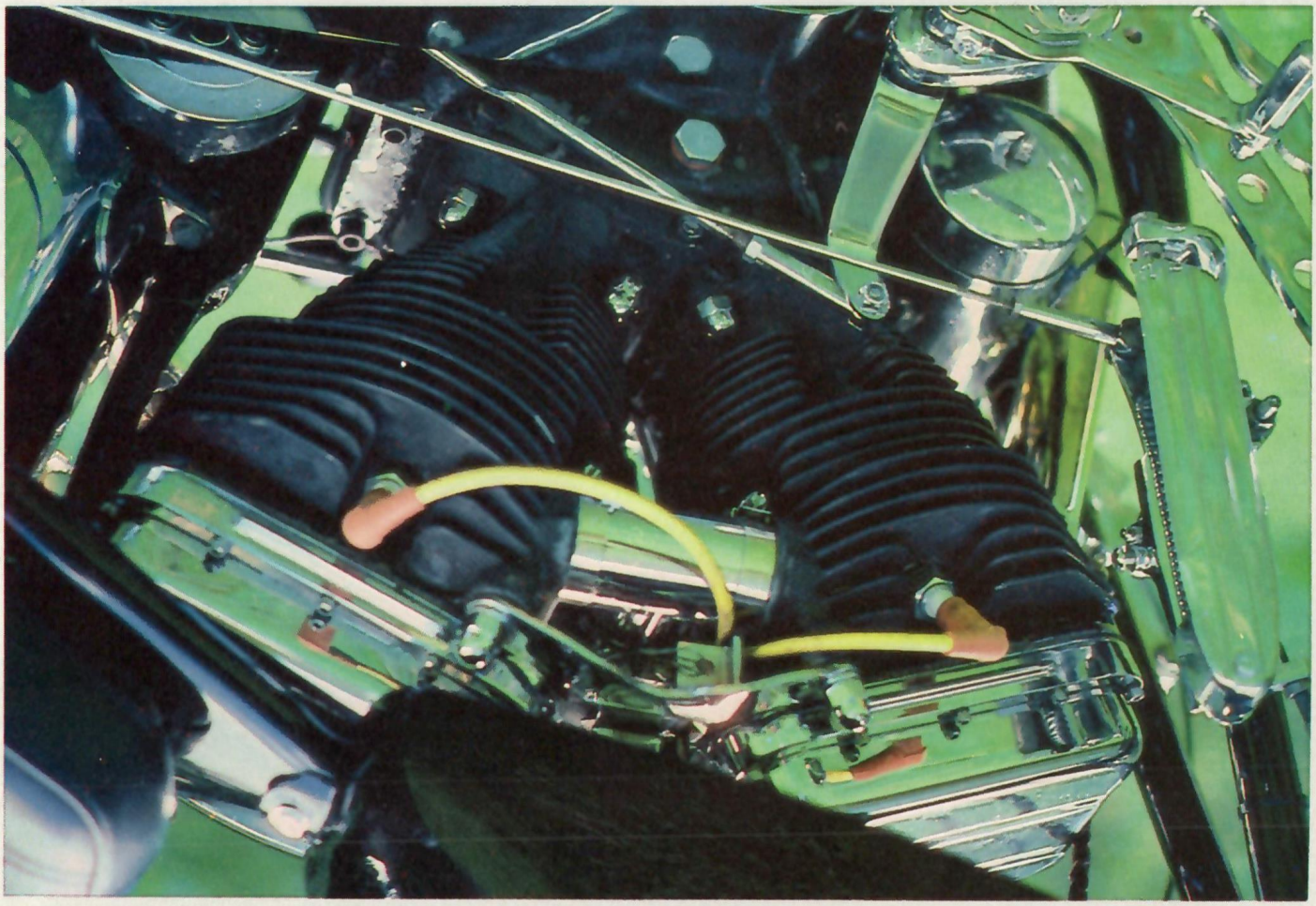
Wheels
Front Wheel: 19"
Rear Wheel: 16"
Front Hub: H-D
Rear Hub: H-D
Front Tire: Avon
Rear Tire: Avon
Front Brake: Never
Rear Brake: Juice





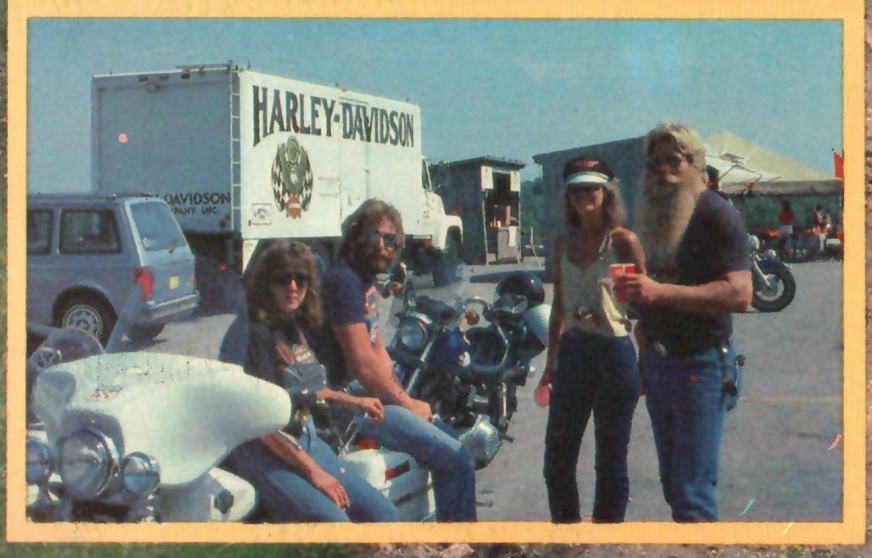




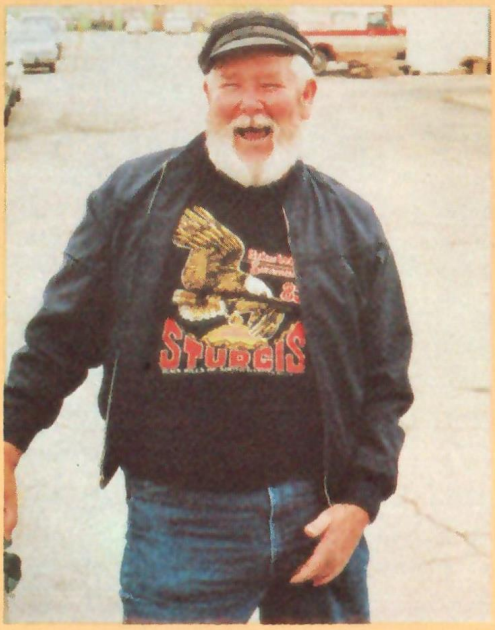


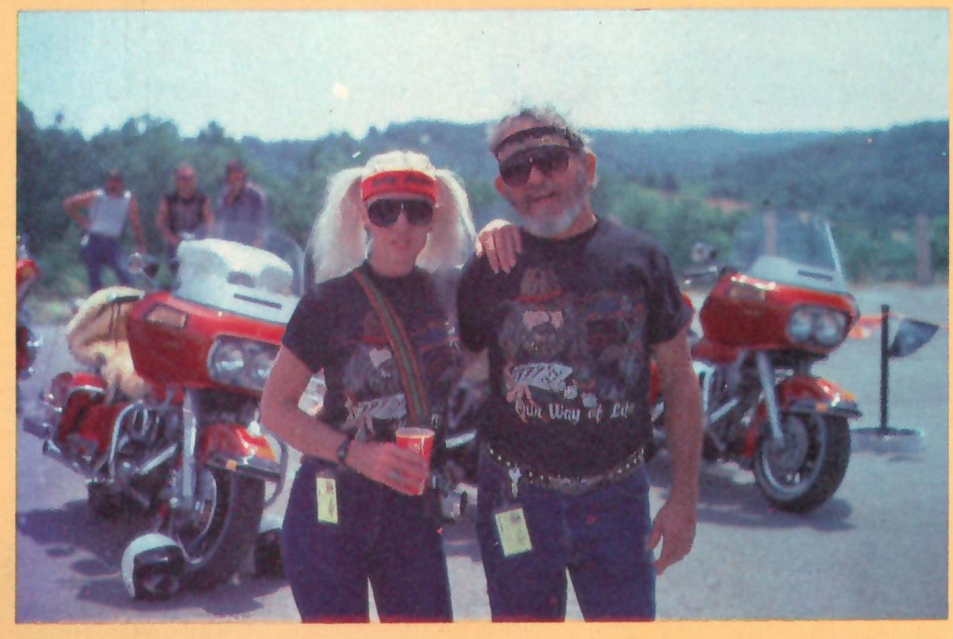
OUR BROS Runnin' Free ON THE GO

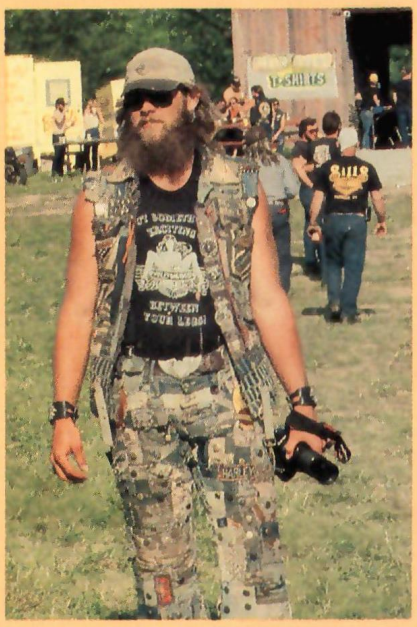
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use negatives. We can use good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size), color slides (either 35mm or 2¼"x2¼"), exceptionally clear color prints. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah — we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo and $36 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to Iron Horse, P.O. Box 2163, New York, N.Y. 10116.



All photos this spread: Dirty Old Man, Highland IL



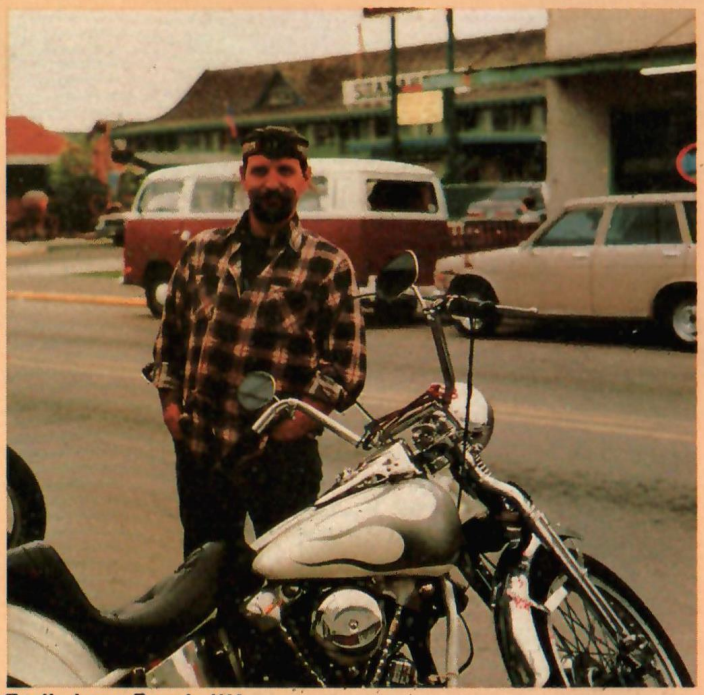




All photos: Dirty Old Man, Highland IL

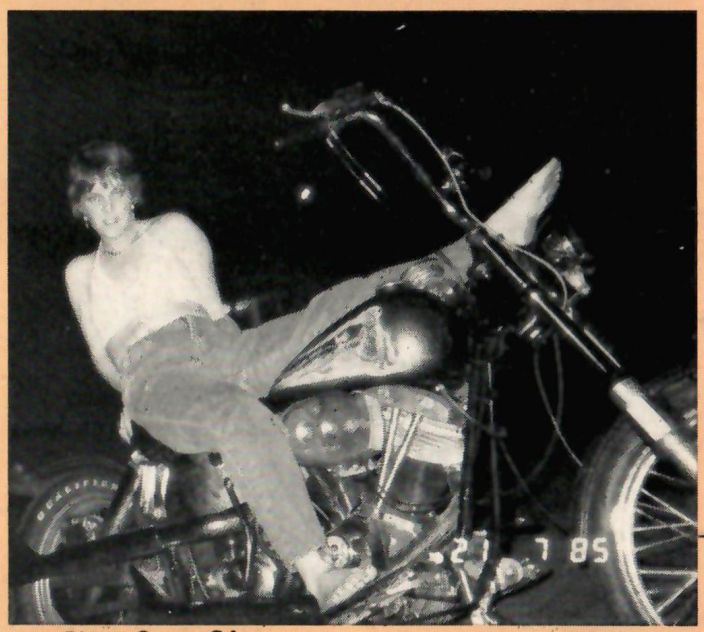
Both photos this page: Scott Barker, Centralia, WA

1916 "cyclemotor" — Dangerous Dave, Towson, MD



Garth, Long Beach, WA

Garth, Long Beach, WA

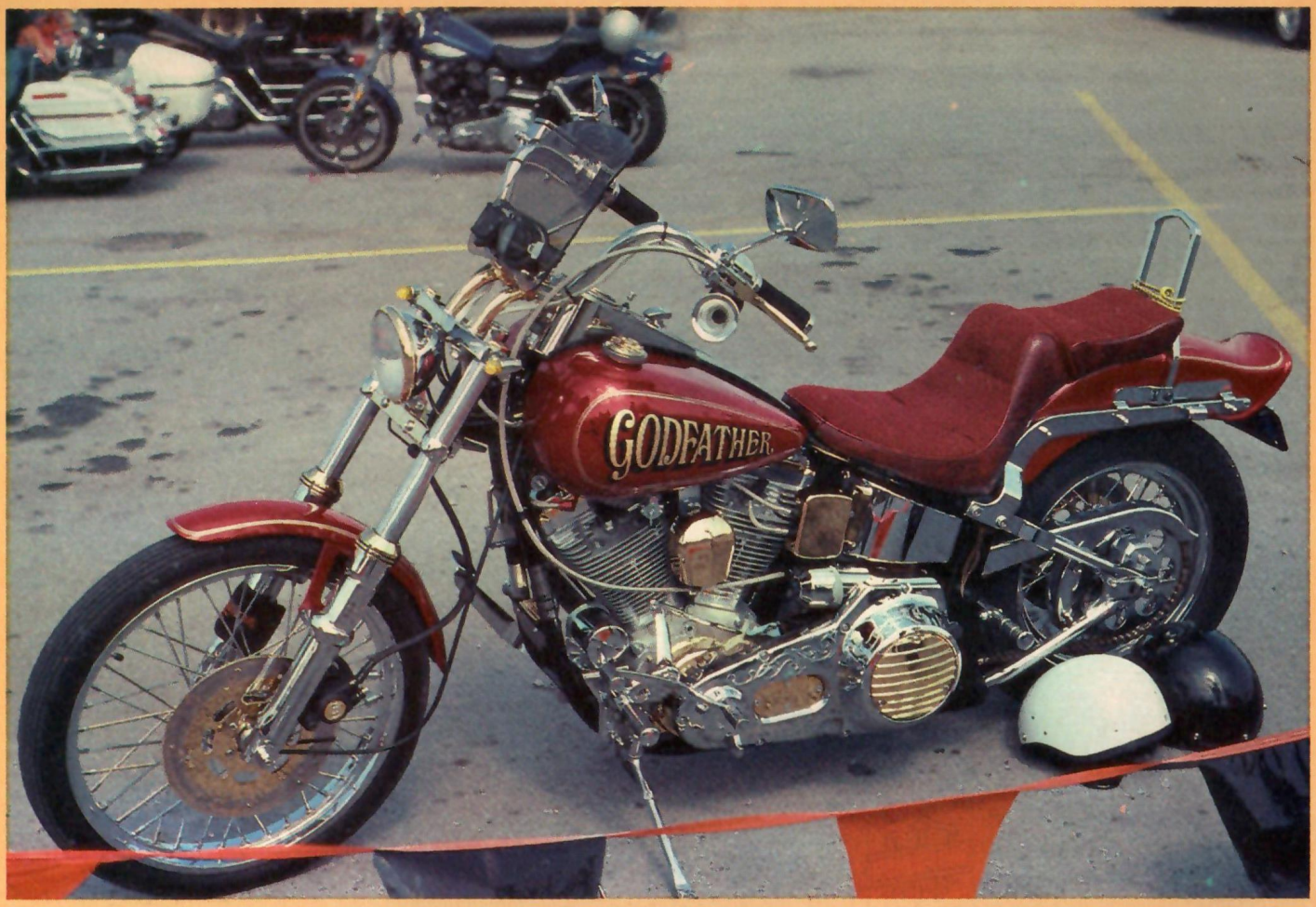


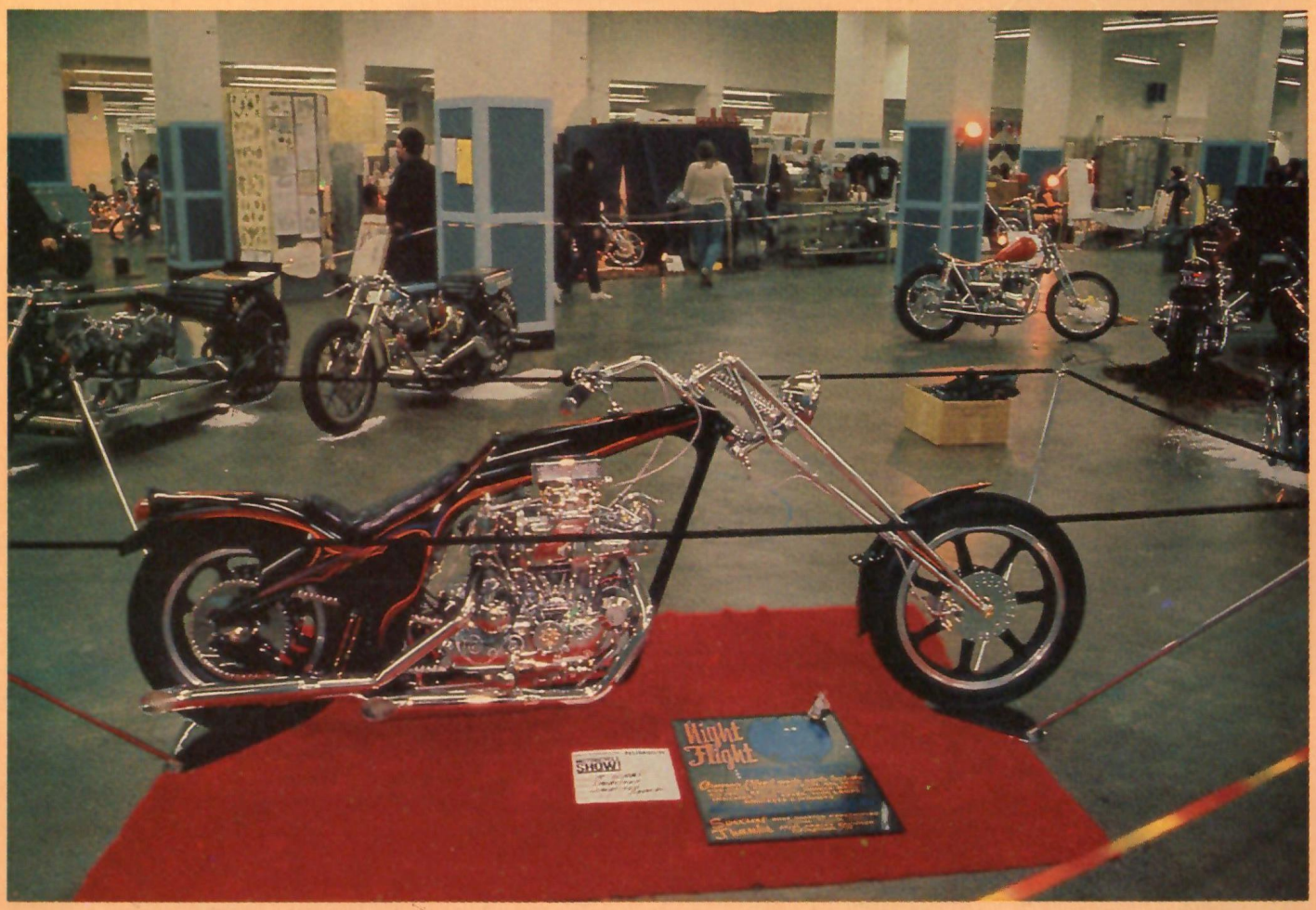
Jean Riggs, Ceres, CA

Mutch, GB

Mike Planet, Ft. Worth, TX

Scott Barker, Centralia, WA





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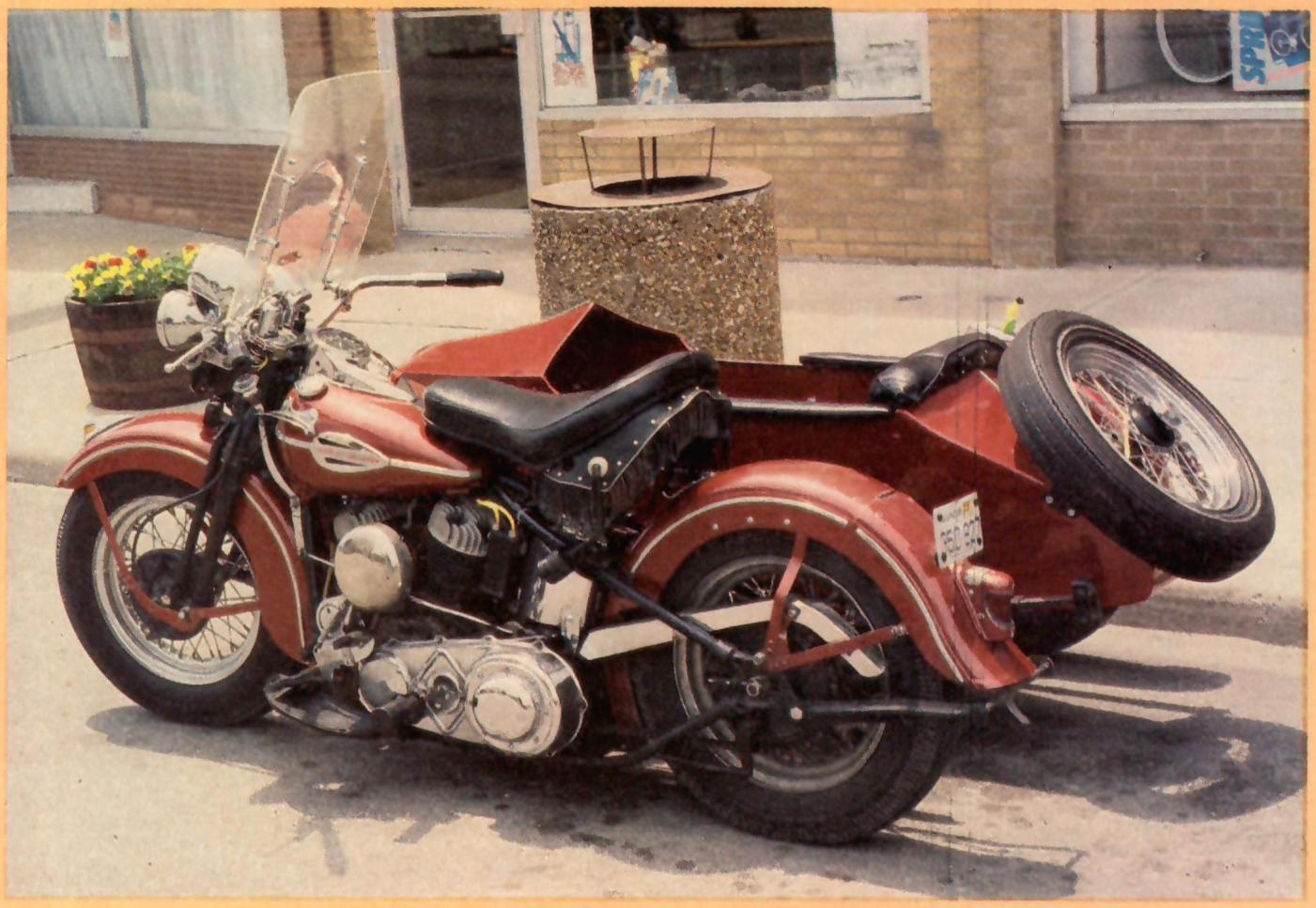

Both photos this page: Mutch, GB

RHONDA JO PETTY
(IRON HORSE covergirl May 1985)

LUCKY GREENHOG
February 1985

CINDY "TANKTOP" SMITH
December 1984

SHERI HANNIGAN
January 1985

CANDY MONTANA
January 1985

ELENA EVANS
May 198

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Directed by WOLFMAN

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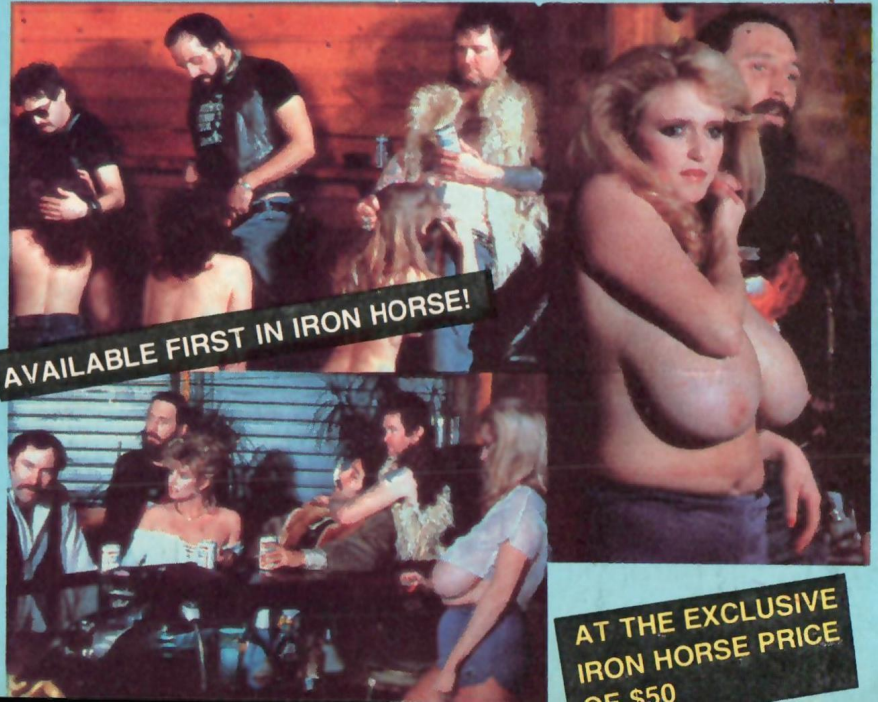
Address_____
City_____State____Zip_____
Age_____
Signature_____

Allow 4-8 weeks for delivery.



AT THE EXCLUSIVE IRON HORSE PRICE OF $50

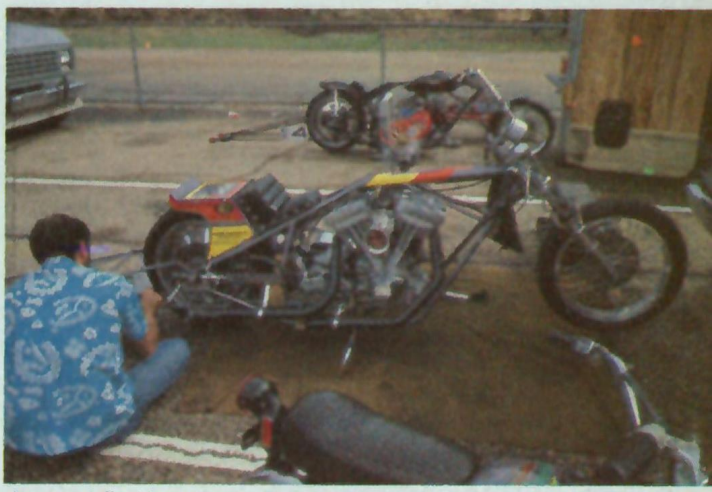
U-HAUL

WHAT A DRAG!

HDRA Burns Rubber On the Heart of Dixie

If ya heard the ominous sound of rolling thunder in the Gulfport, Mississippi area this past spring didn't jibe with the sparkling skies, chances are you were catching some heavy duty decibels from the Harley Drag Racing Association's Spring Nationals held at Charles Reese's Gulfport Dragway. The smell of burned rubber wafted through through the air like a blue fog while the gas and nitro methane fumes added to the explosive atmosphere. The HDRA's event are growing in popularity every year drawing all kind of riders from speed freaks to weekend putters to folks who just love their motorcycles big, loud, and fast (which covers just about everyone).

The Spring Nationals, which opened the HDRA season had plenty of those kinds of Harleys running in the Street Eliminator and Modified Eliminator categories which feature street bikers doing their best in the quarter to the balls out action of the pro racers competing in the Open Fuel, Hot Dragster, and Dragster categories. These are the stretched out crotch rockets that can range from double engined super-

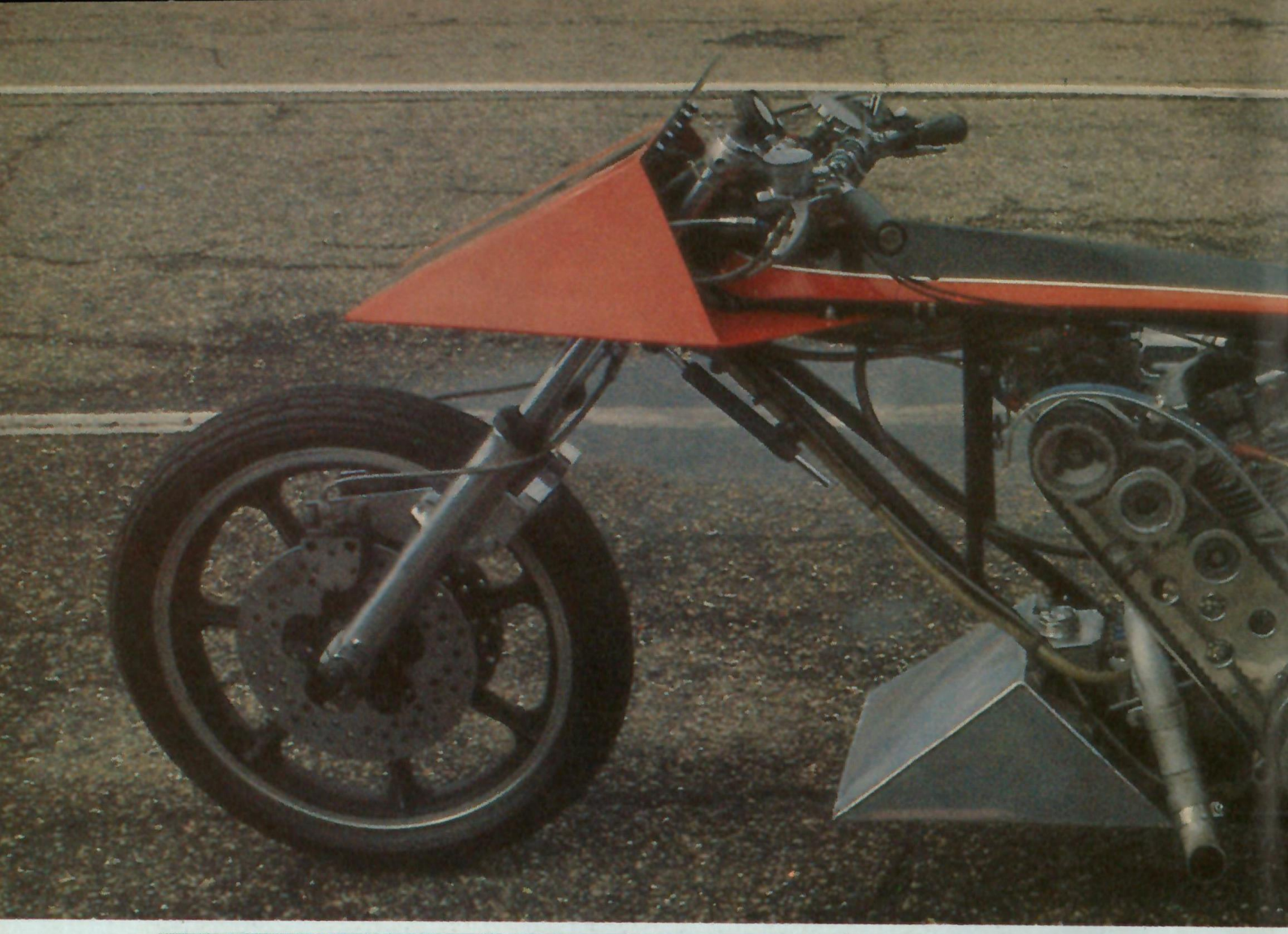


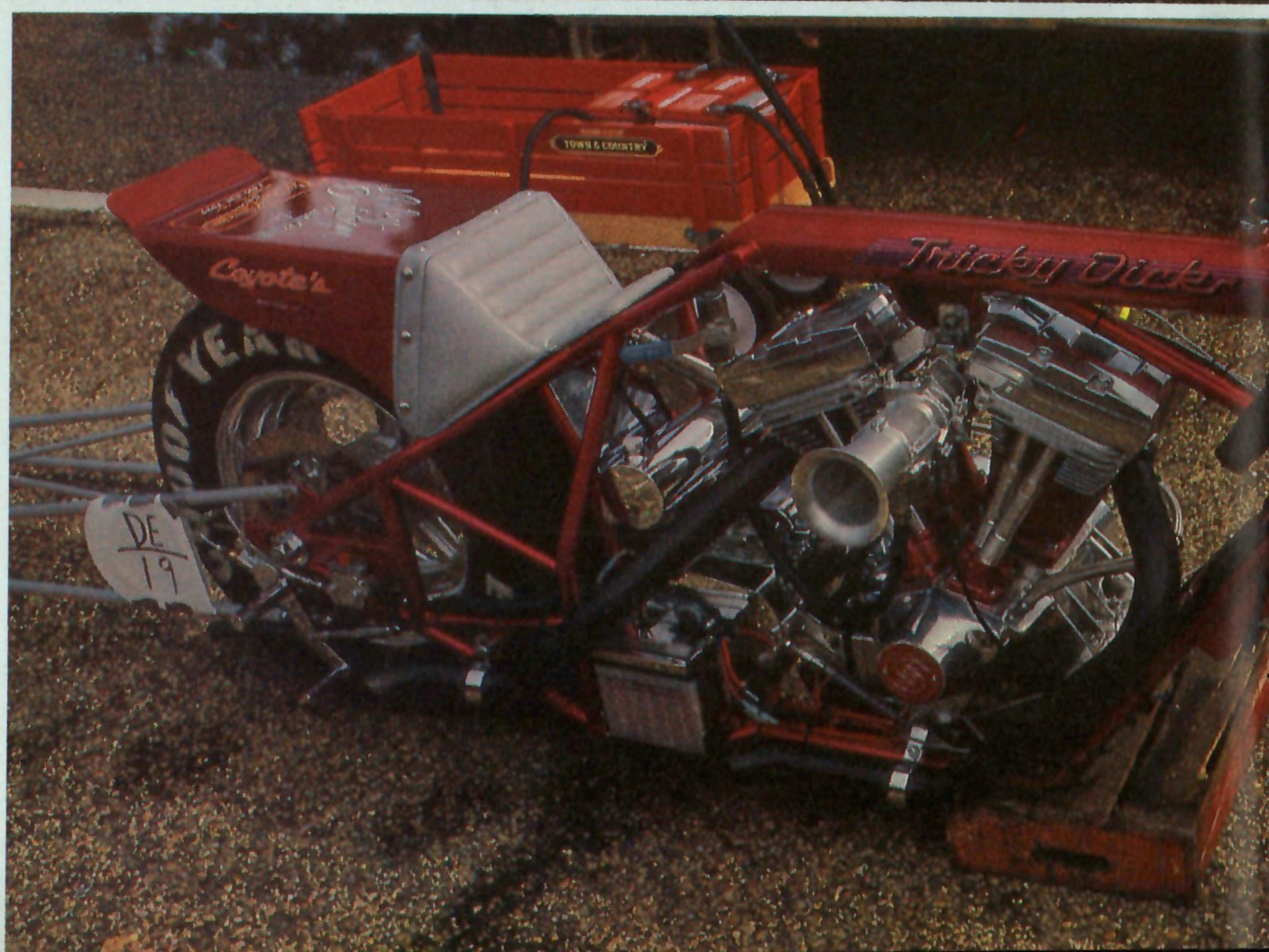
charged fire breathers, to your more pedestrian (!) 94" and up dragbikes. The great thing about the HDRA is that ya don't necessarily have to be a high roller to get down amongst all the fire and brimstone of the strip and experience drag racing Harleys first hand. Their Sportman categories include categories for 45" three wheelers, as well as street legal 74 suicide jockeys. Ya gotta be one coordinated dude to get your feet and hands flyin fast enough to beat John Beck's record time of 18.69 at a whopping 69 mph for

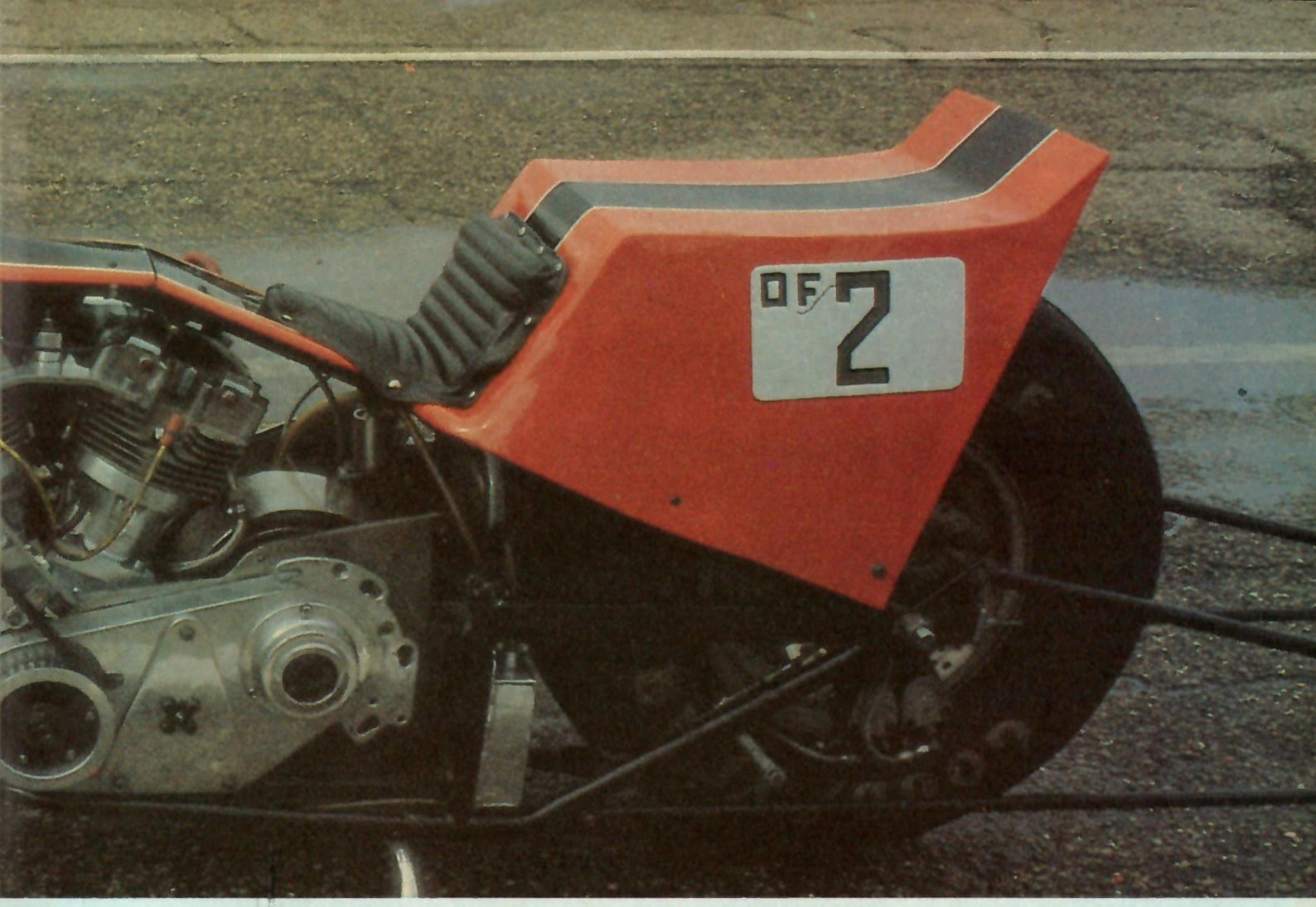
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

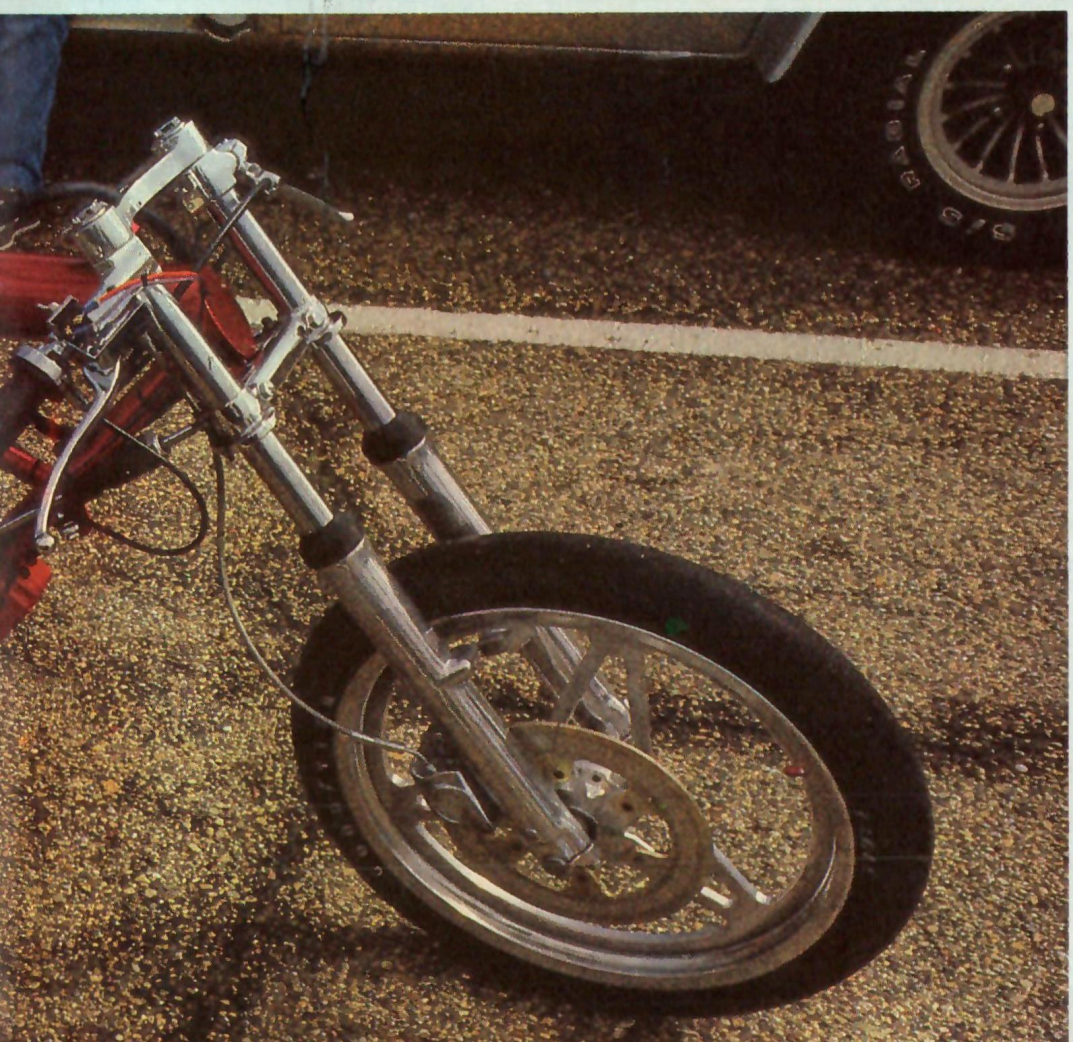
Photos by W.W.
Story by P.J.

ANDREWS




Coyote's
Tricky Dick
DE
19

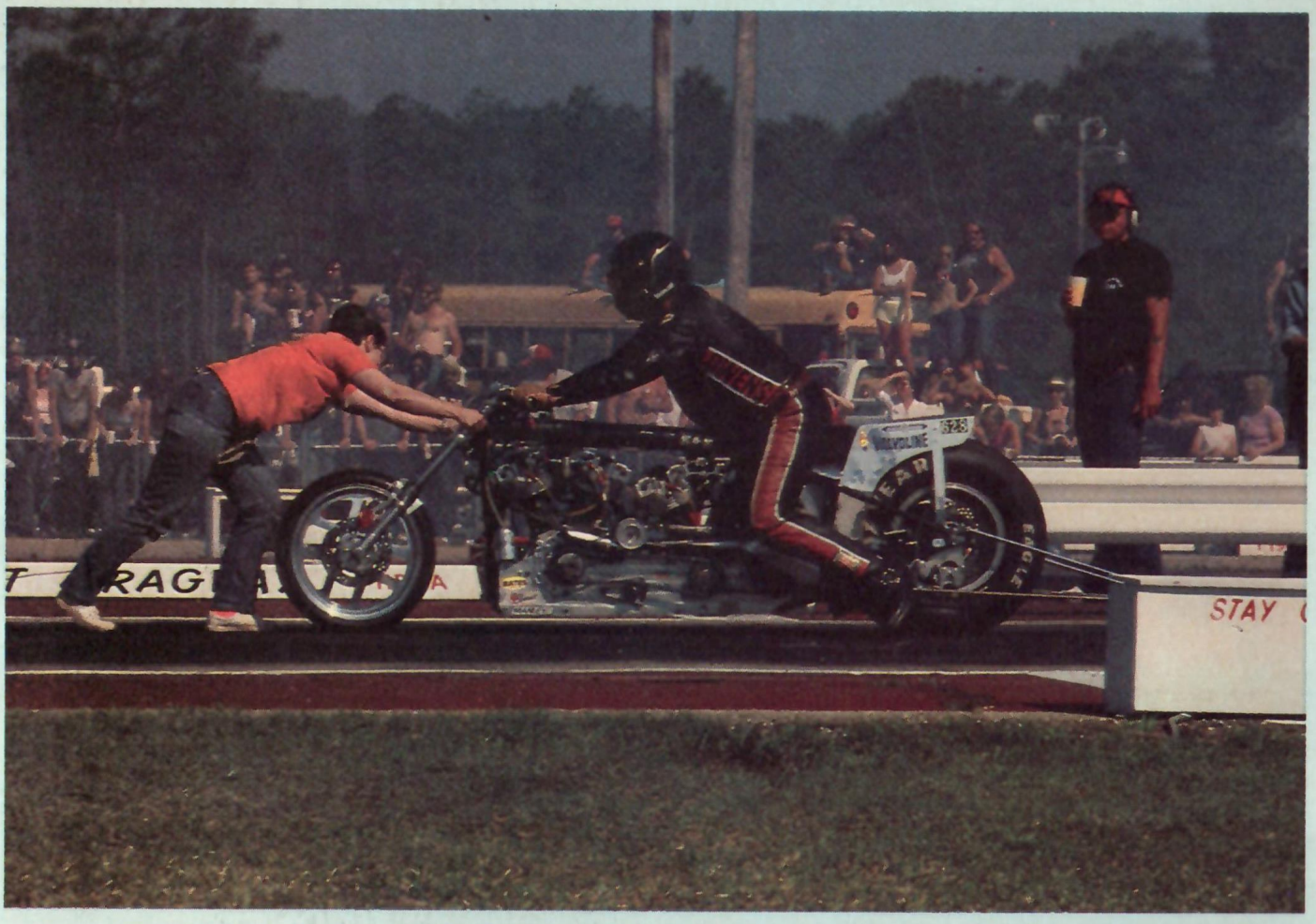


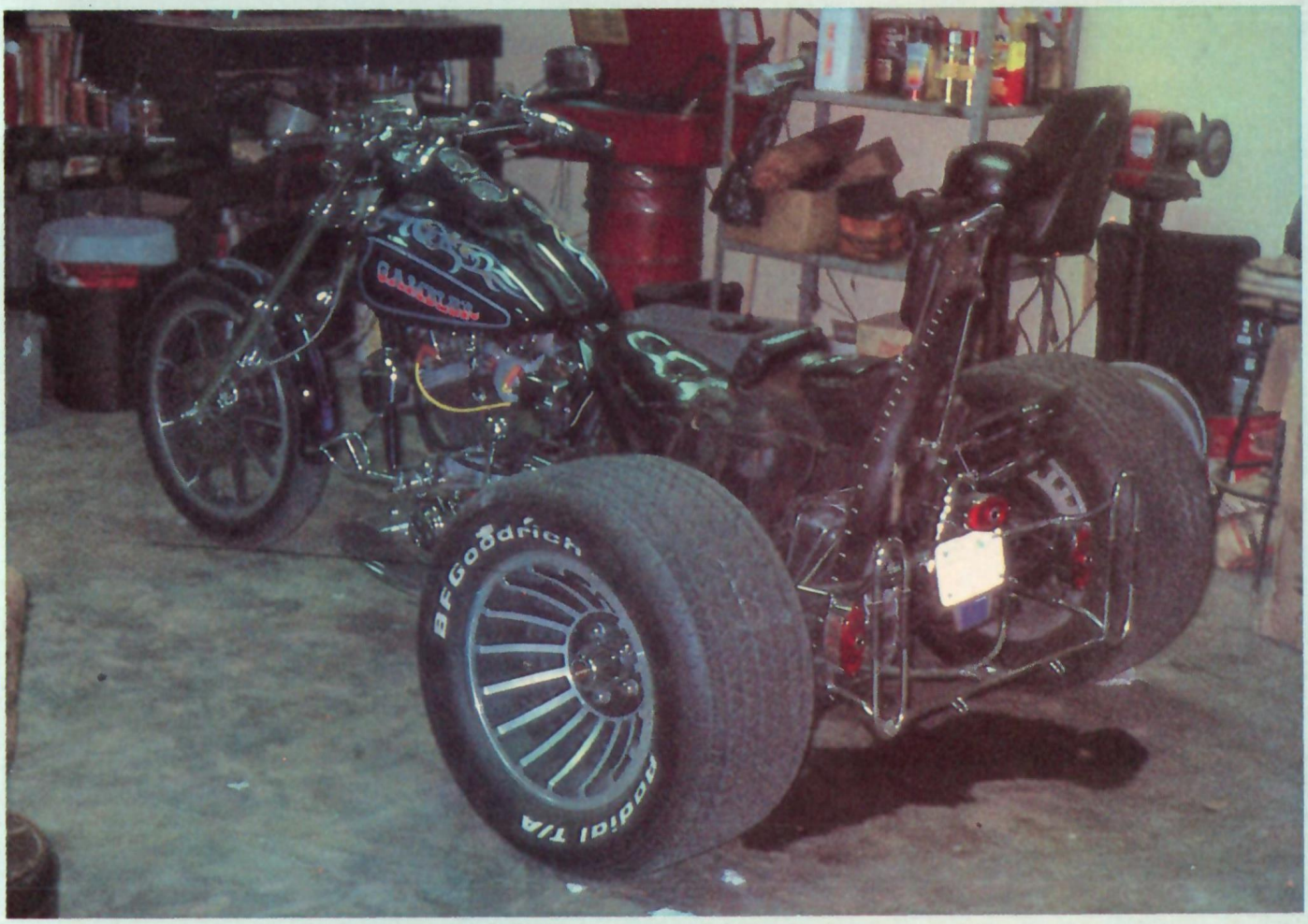


the 45" A class. Watchin the hand-shifters race can be as exciting as any 8 second dragbike go through the gears.

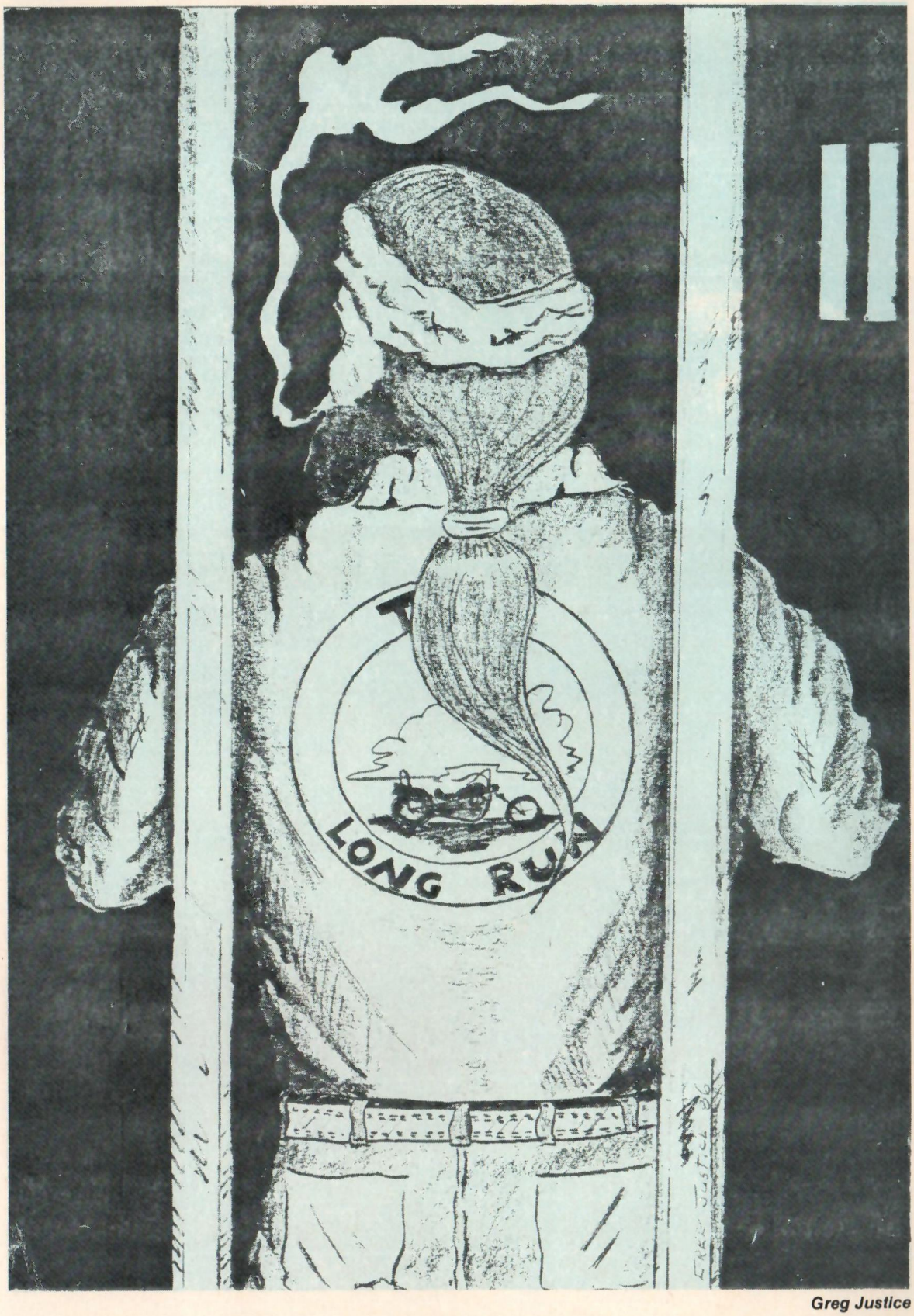
The '86 HDRA season featured a shorter schedule than last year, mainly because many racers were unable to make some of the races (and the opportunity to rack up some points) due to the strain on their wallets. Last season the HDRA had races scheduled nearly every two weeks at locations all over the country, and a West Coast meet had to be scratched cause most of the racers just couldn't afford to go. This year the races were concentrated mostly in the South and spread out to a more manageable once a month event, a system that makes for more quality races.

Also on the slate for this year was the 8th Annual Texas Hog Rally "All Harley Drags" which has given birth to "All Harley Drags" all across the country. If you've never made a Harley Drag you really owe it to yourself to make a trip down to Dixie and check out the action. Like the sign says, "Absolutely No Jap Bikes Allowed" — sometimes segregation can be wonderful.

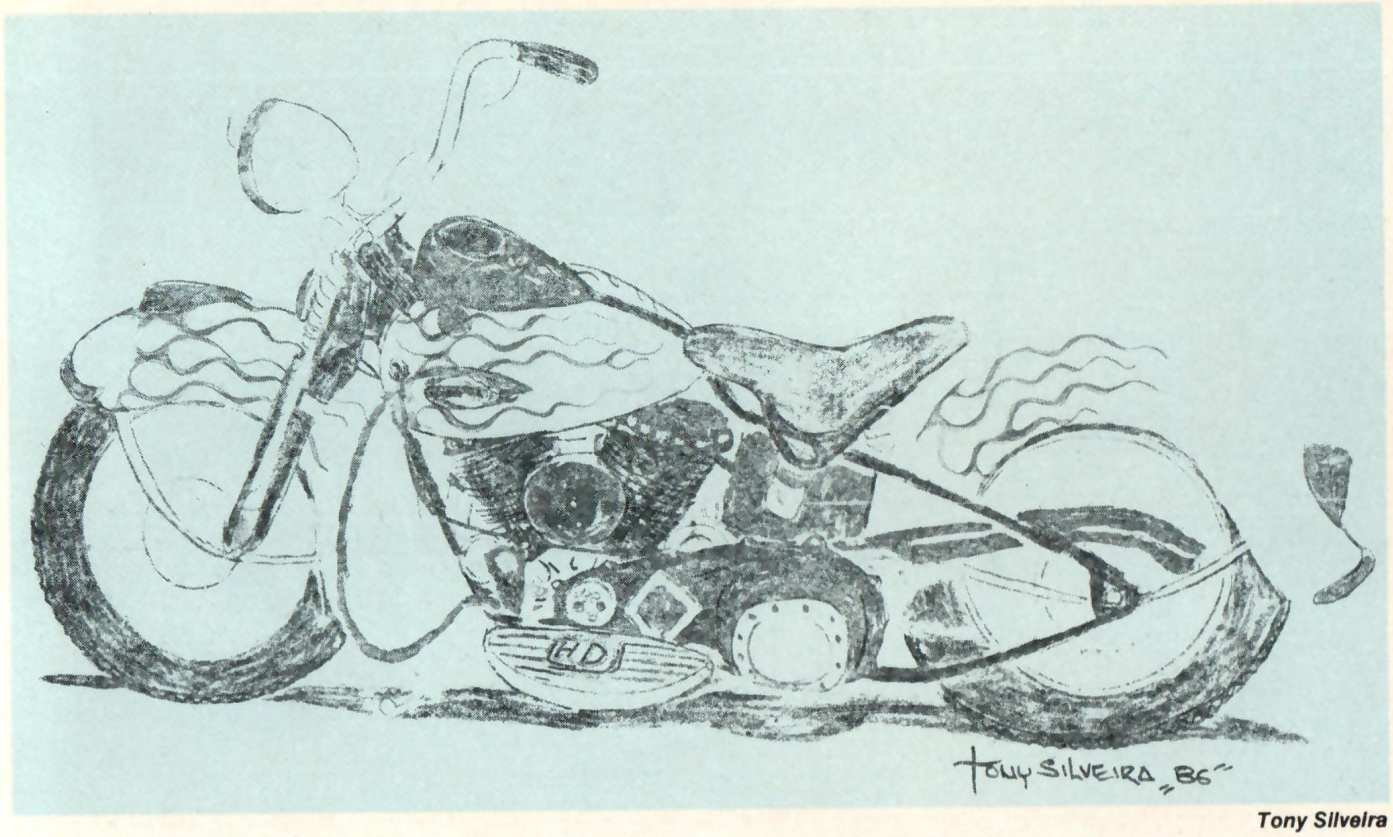

VALVOLINE
STAY


BFGoodrich
Radial T/A

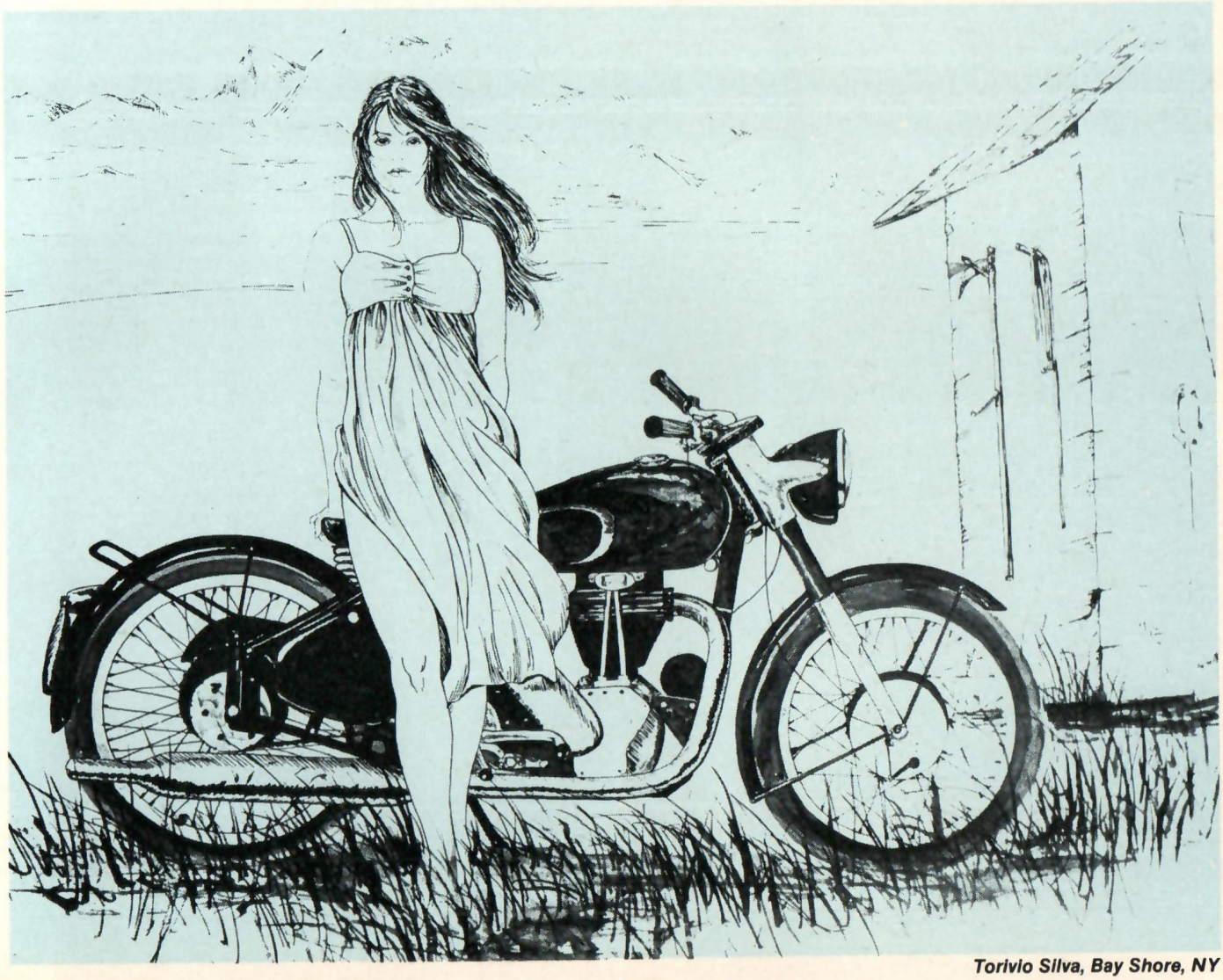
SCOOTER ART



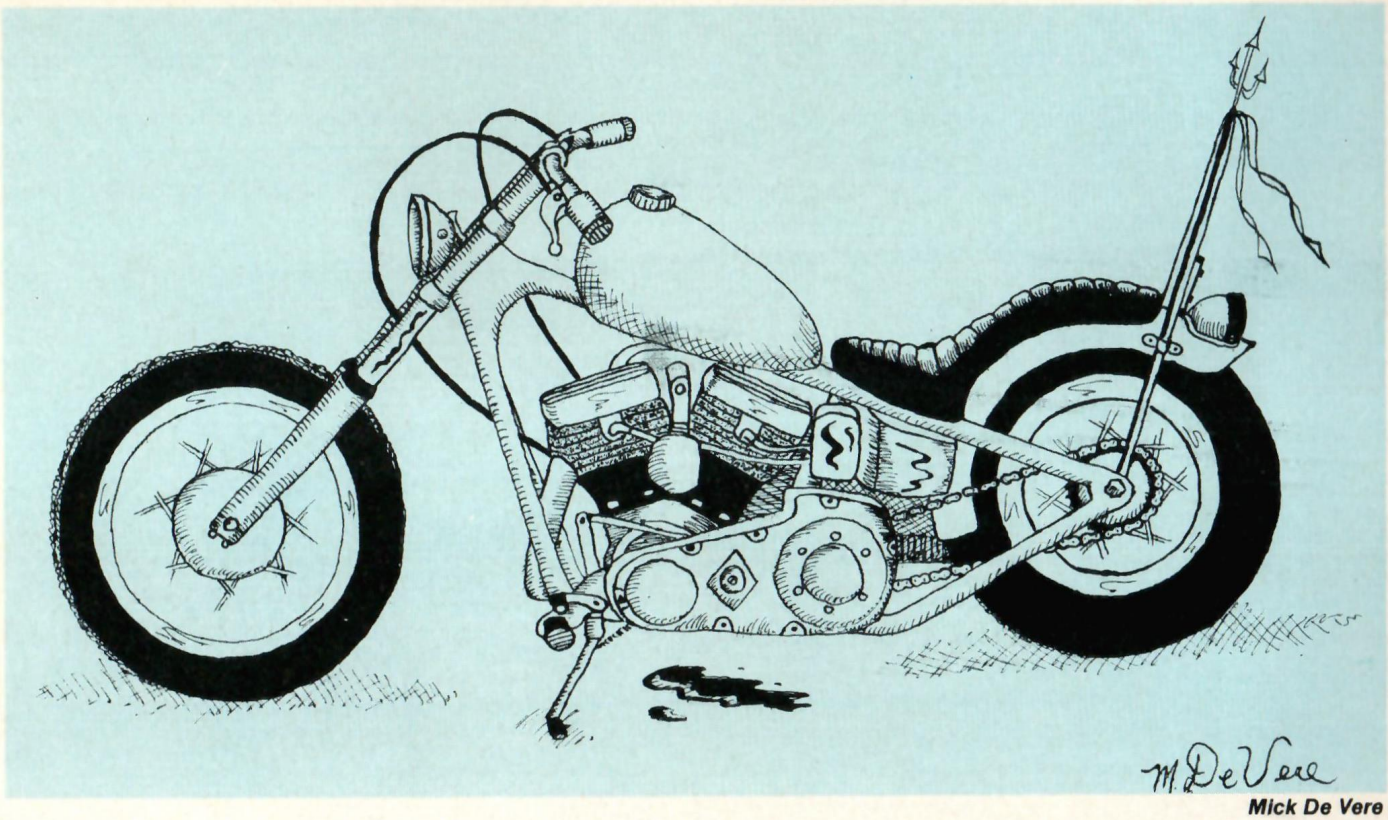
Greg Justice



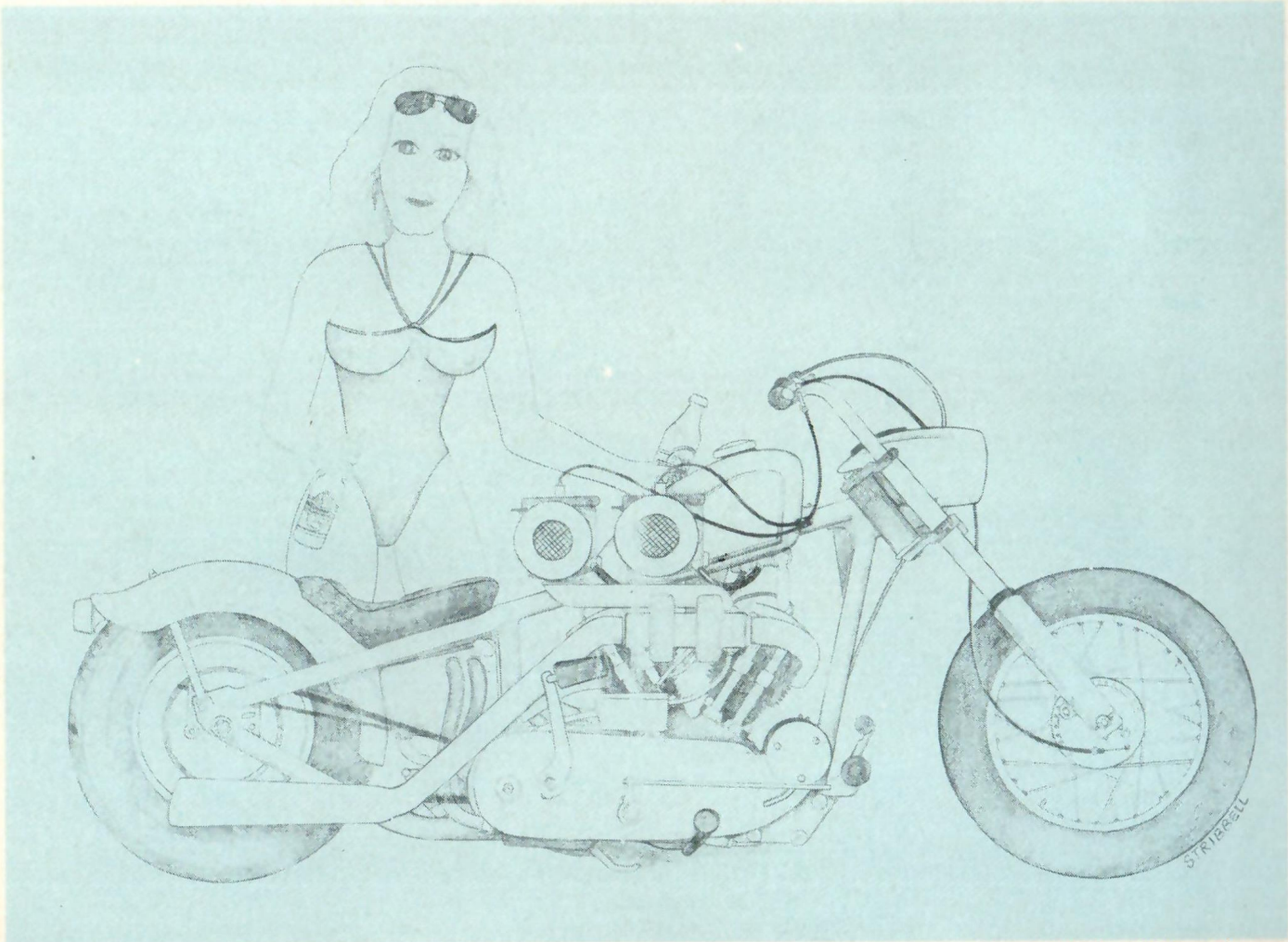
Tony Silveira



Torivio Silva, Bay Shore, NY

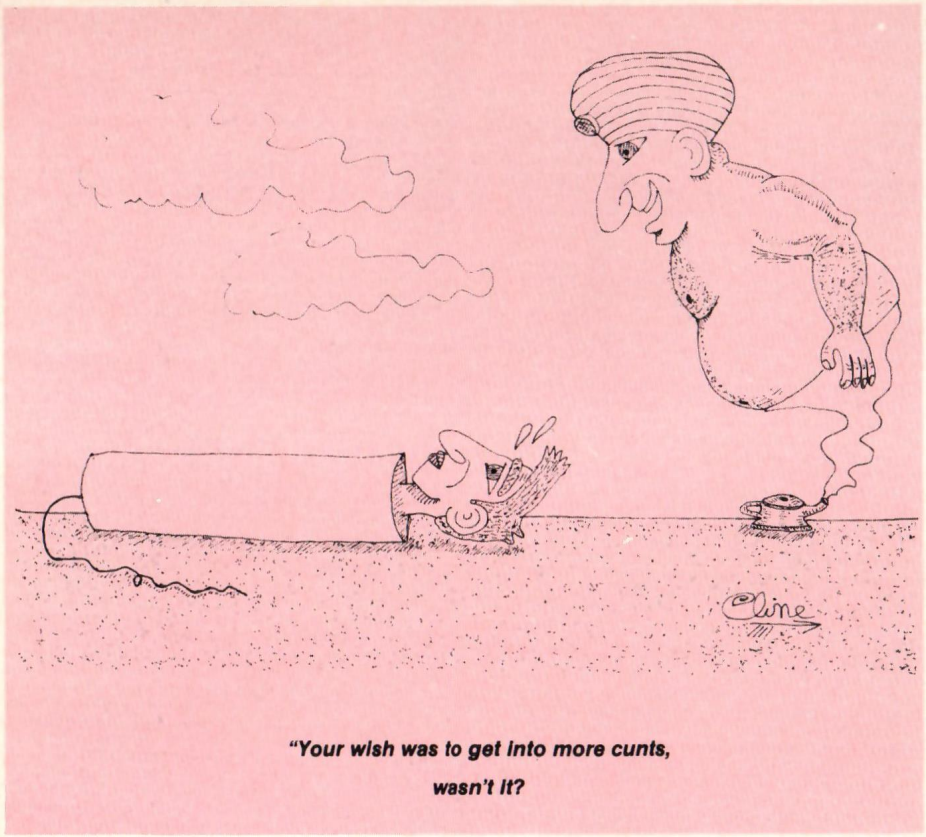


Mick De Vere



Dennis Stribbel, Cikford, Canada

Tony Silveira



"Your wish was to get into more cunts, wasn't it?

"Birds and the bees? is that somethin' like fuckin', Pop?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

going to puke up every bit of food that little bitch had ever fed me. I grabbed the contract and read it again. there had to be a way to save myself.

I found my glasses. (The clear ones I bought when I was ripped and never used because they magnified everything.) There seemed to be something at the very bottom of the page. To the naked eye it ony looked like a spot of dirt, but with the glasses on, I could make out letters. "Hey! What's this?" She tried to snatch the paper from my hand but I was too fast for her. "It's nothing!", she cried, "Don't even bother straining your eyes." But it was something. I could feel it. She looked terrified. In deperation I made out the words syllable by syllable. CONTRACT SHALL BE NULL AND VOID IF PROPERTY IS RESOLD BEFORE EXPIRATION DATE.

"Does this mean if I sell you, I'm free? I don't have to die?" "Yes!", she screamed "But I've done my job, the least you can do is pay up!" "Over my dead body!", I yelled realizing that that's just what it would be if I didn't get rid of her—FAST!

"Listen, bitch" I said, "I still have you for ten days so you better do exactly what I say. Got out and get some beer. Two cases at least. Then I want you to make the best meal you've ever made, and I want you to wear the sexiest thing you own. Understand?" "Yes," she relented. "Well, don't just stand there. Get going!"

As she left the apartment I tried to think of someone worthy of Cindy and her legacy. As I dialed the phone I could feel a slightly evil smile cross my lips. "Hey, Glen ... yeah, it's me, Butchy. Listen Glen, there's no reason we can't be friends. I realize that you're only doing your job. Hey, I told my ol' lady about you and she's dying to meet you. she's making this huge home-cooked meal, and wants you to come over for dinner tonight. You can? Great! See you about eight. After dinner we can watch a movie on the VCR. I have this great one called, *PARTY TILL WE DROP DEAD."*□

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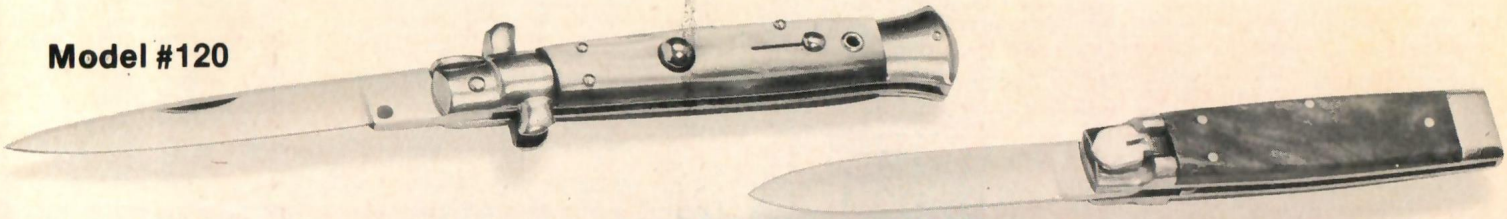
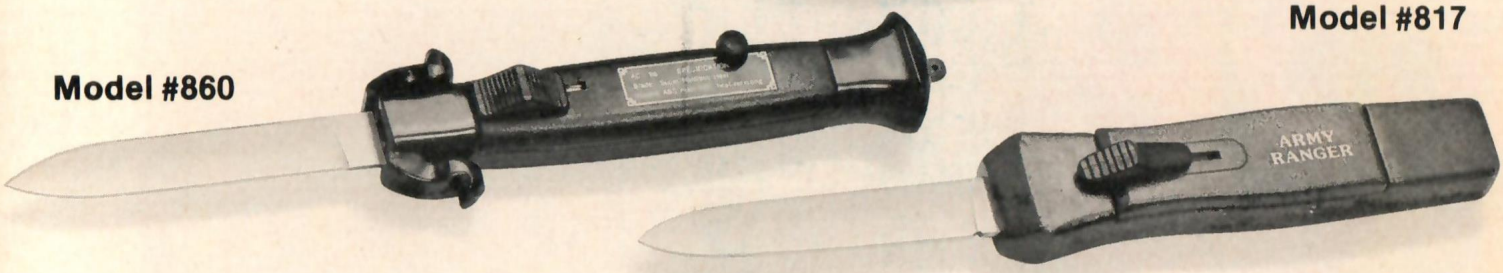


Model #817

Model #860



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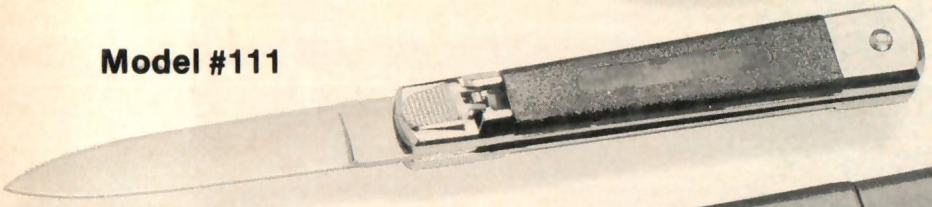

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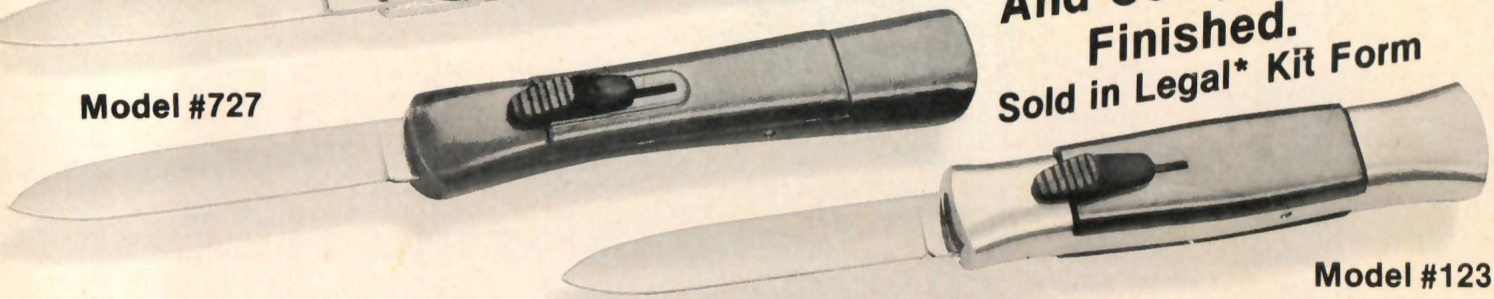

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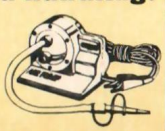

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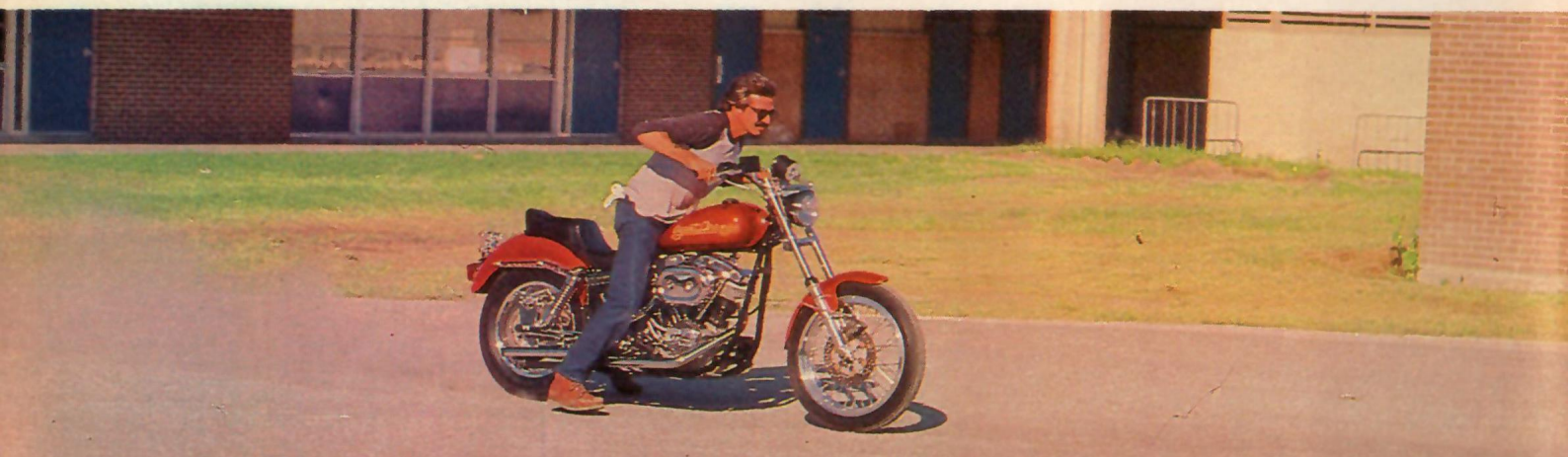
Agent Orange



SLEEPING GIANT

118" of Agent Orange Could Wake the Dead

Okay, I know what you're thinkin. "Oh great, another stock Hog with a paint job — big deal." Can't say as I blame ya bro, cause that's exactly what I said when I laid eyes on this purty scoot with the ominous name of "Agent Orange" and it just so happens that that skeptical reaction is what owner Big Billy Fitchner gets

off on when he burns up the competition at the HDRA drags. This motorcycle, which looks like a gem of a Super Glide is probably the most deceptive sleeper to ever scorch a bar bet. Agent Orange, piloted by Big Billy's bro Honest Michael races in the L-stock class of the Harley Drag Racing Association turning consistent quarter miles in the low elevens at speeds near 120 mph. To put those numbers in perspective let's check out the current HDRA National Records in the Quarter Mile. The fastest time was turned in the Class I: The Drag Modified Sportster class, burning the quarter in 10.77 at 119 mph. Agent Orange, running in the Street Racer FL class hit 11.41 at 119 mph. Not the kinda bike ya'd wanna blip your throttle at on your way to the Dew Drop.

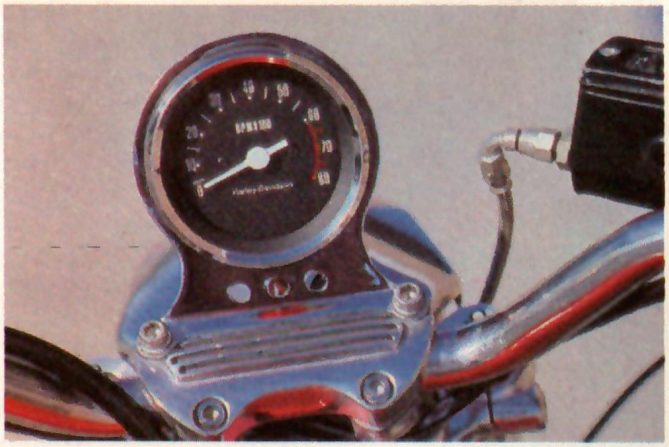
Needless to say, Big Billy's bike holds the record in the L class, thanks not only to Honest Michael but also to the efforts of Lou Skopik and Jackie Schmidt. With the only restrictions of the L class being the use of street rubber, gas and a normally breathin mill (no super or turbochargers) Skopik and Schmidt put together a monstrous 118 inch motor that crushes by at least ten miles an hour anybody who tries to keep up with it. In fact, Big Billy was presented with a token of the local H-D dealer's admiration in the form of their own blown and twisted engine that launched itself during a high speed encounter with the deadly Agent. Talkin to Billy, ya get the idea that he digs those kinda trophies the most,

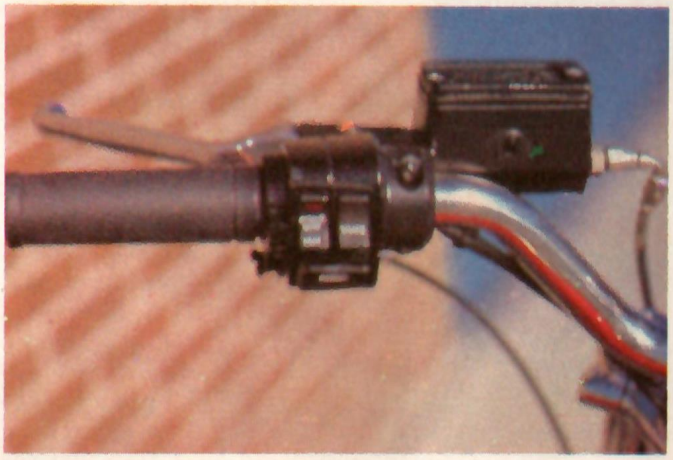
"It just burns their asses that a pinstriper like me beats em at the drags. Hell, I just run a paint shop, but I've got a sickle that can run em at their own game, even when I'm ridin it, and I weigh more than their family."

Not bad for a painter, eh? Well, it ain't bad for a tug boat builder either. That's what Jackie Schmidt of Schmidt & Sons does in the real world. He loves tug boat engines and could care less about Harley drags, but he and stroker wiz Lou fabricated the moster mill at the request of Big Billy. The engine is a one of a kind, pure-D masterpiece put together by a couple of true artists. The cylinders were machined from railroad car axles for their high quality steel, and the lower end features roller bearings from a tug's prop shaft. The whole engine is like that, built from some of the most unlikely sources for bike parts you could imagine. Schmidt is a real genius, and according to Billy, "Everybody I race hates him cause he really doesn't like bikes, just tugs. He makes a good living fromthe boats and has no use for motorcycle work, and you should have seen him build this engine. He did everything backwards, and only bench timed the thing. The first time we fired it up was at the races and we smoked em good."

Agent Orange runs a 9:1 compression ratio and no kicker. The push but-

Houston

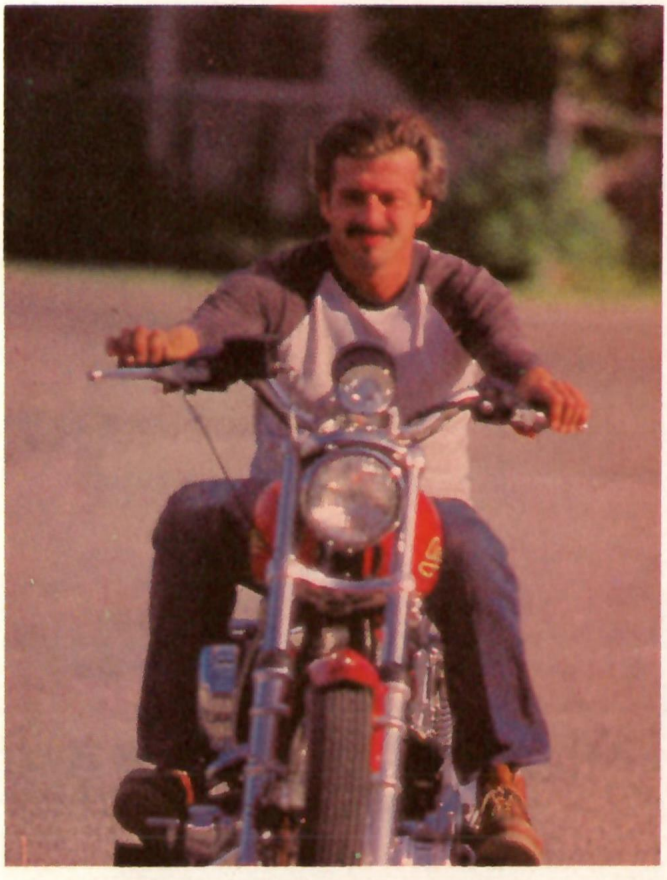




ton starter gets it juice from a dresser battery, and Big Billy rides the shit out of it every day. He even rides it to the drags and Honest Michael burns em up without even stoppin to change the plugs. The bike is geared tall, runnin a 43 tooth rear sprocket (as opposed to the 51 tooth stocker) in order to keep the front tire on the ground. The clutch has nine plates sittin in an extended basket but they don't bother to use it in the quarter. Overall weight is around 520 lbs. and it handles better than a Sporty. The rear tire is screwed to the wheel, common practice for your average street blaster. All the shiny parts are polished aluminum and Big Billy handled the standout paint chores.

Don't worry about us blowin the Agent's street cover though, it seems that Big Billy can't resist wipin out the Jappers by fifteen lengths, instead of profitably leadin them on. And Billy doesn't care who sees him coming at the drag strip: "The funny thing about drag bikes is that they go awful fast in the beer bars, but once you get out to the strip they get slow for some reason. I'll guarantee you that this sickle is the fastest in the country, and if anybody doesn't believe me, all I can say is, call me."

That's (713) 694-0988, and ya can't say we didn't warn ya. □



TECH SHEET

Owner: Billy Fitchner
City: Houston, TX

General
Fabrication by: Lou Skopik and Jackie Schmidt
Year and Make: 1984 registered H-D
Model: FXE
Value: $12,000
Assembly By: Lou & Jackie
Chroming: Polished Aluminum

Engine
Year: '81 assembled
Model: Unique
Rebuilder: Lou & Jackie
Ignition: Electronic Prestolite
Displacement: 118 inches
Lower End: Roller Bearings from tugboat propeller shaft
Balancing: Lou
Pistons: By Jackie (5" stroke; 3-7/8" bore
Cases: STD
Heads: By Jackie
Cams: Nine grind, lobes spread
Lifters: "Power Lifters" from Competition Cycles
Carbs: Bendix, bored out 42 mm
Air Cleaner: Stock
Pipes: Paughco
Mufflers: No

Frame
Year: 1968
Builder: H-D
Type: Late swingarm
Rake: Stock
Stretch: Stock
Other Alterations: Tabs cut off

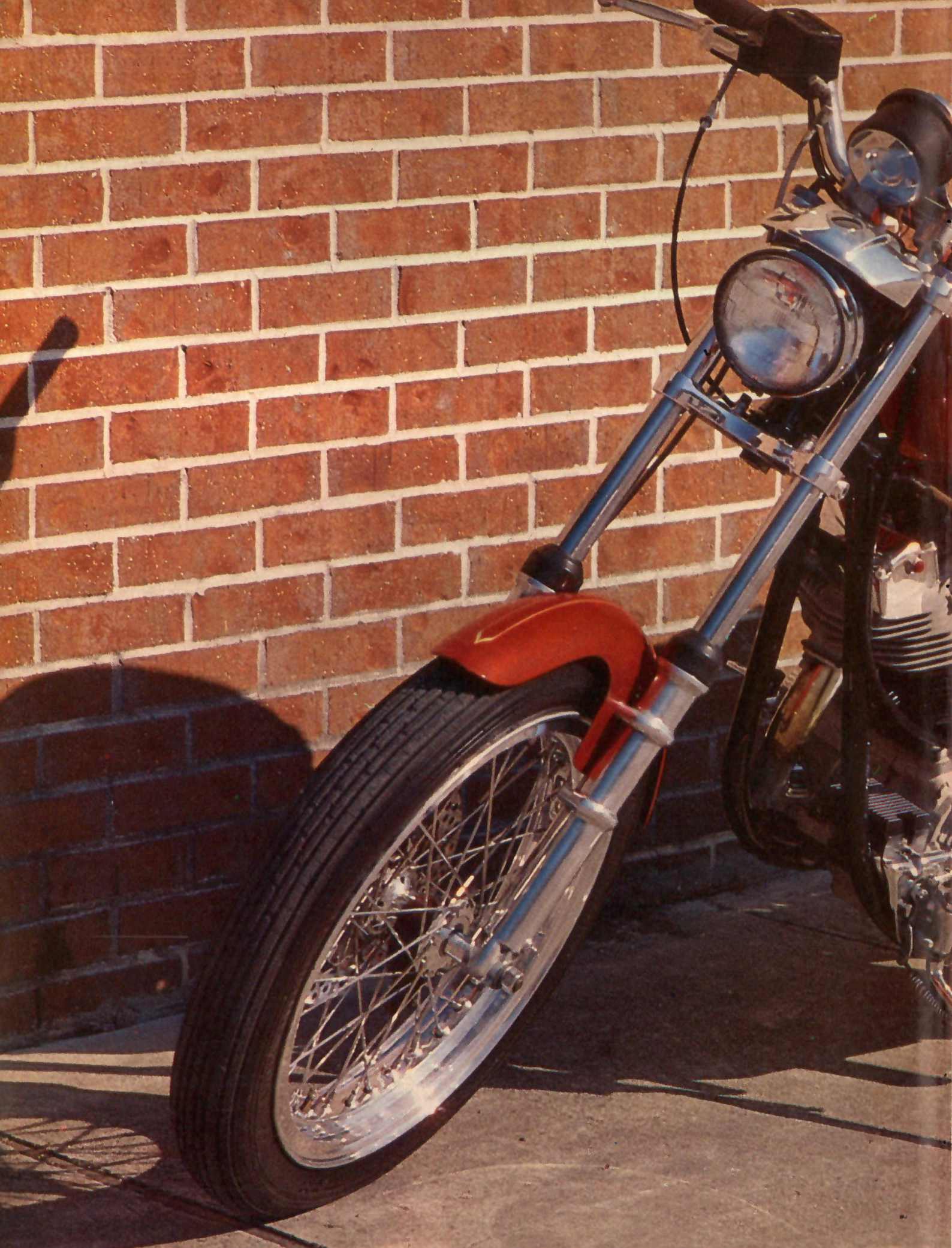
Accessories
Bars: Sportster
Risers: Stock
Fenders: XLCR Front; FX rear
Headlight: FX
Taillight: Stock
Speedo: Tach
Front Pegs: H-D
Rear Pegs: H-D
Electrics: Rewired
Gas Tank: Superglide
Oil Tank: Stock
Oil System: Stock
Primary Cover: Stock
Seat: Mustang

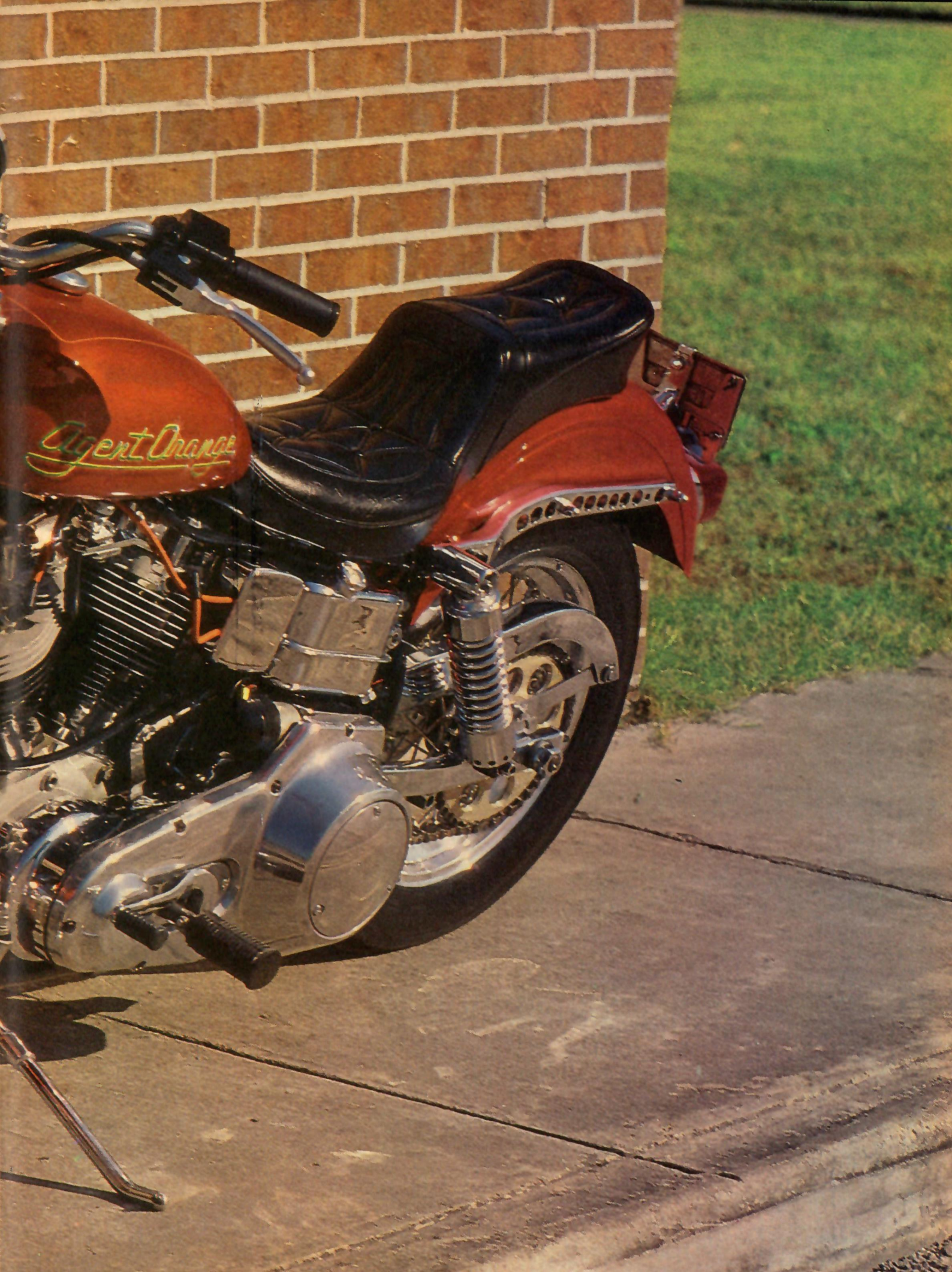
Tranny
Modifications: None
Year: 1984
Shifting: Toe

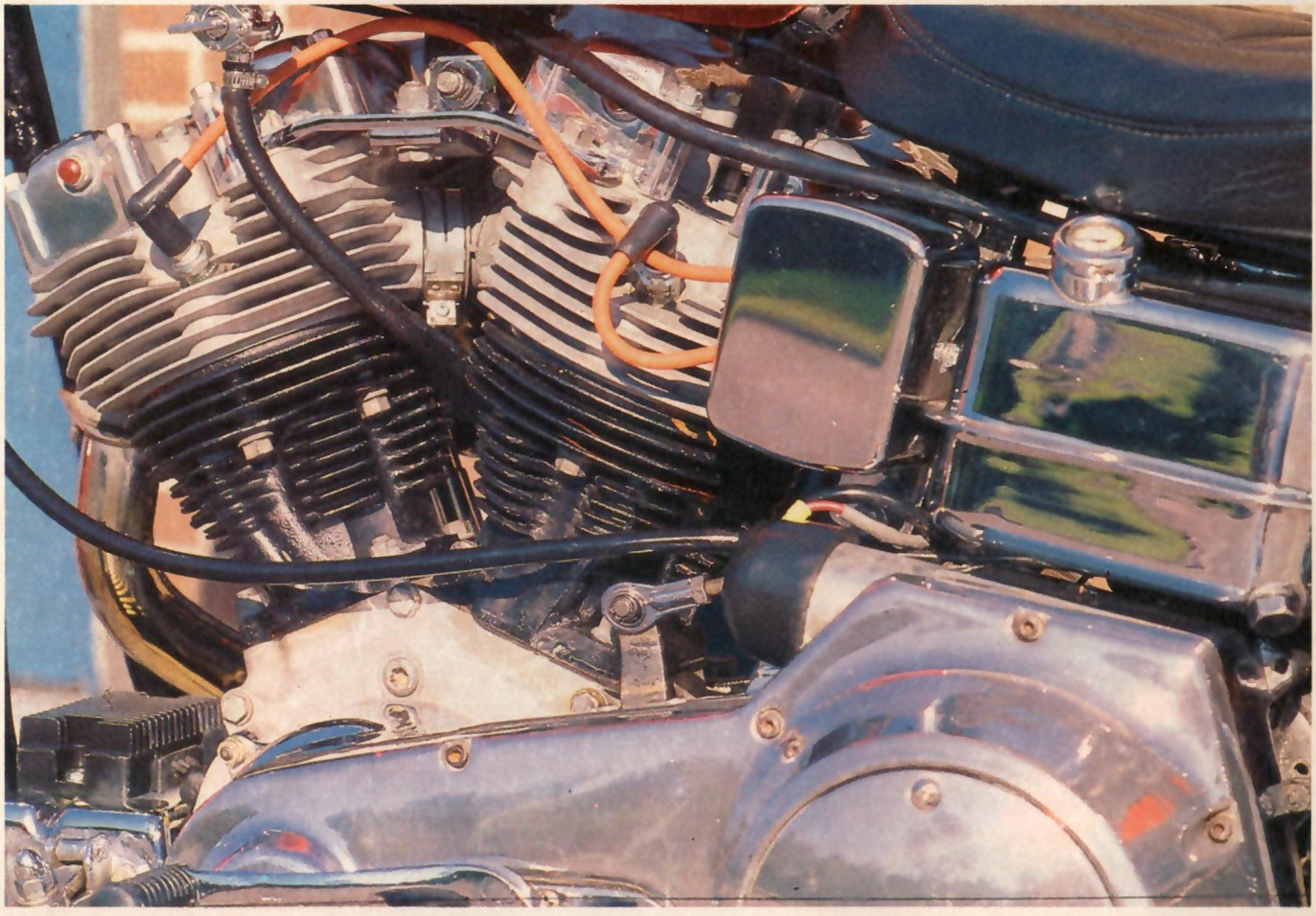
Painting:
Molding: None
Painter: A friend
Color: Candy Tangerine
Type: Lacquer
Special Paint: Striping by Billy

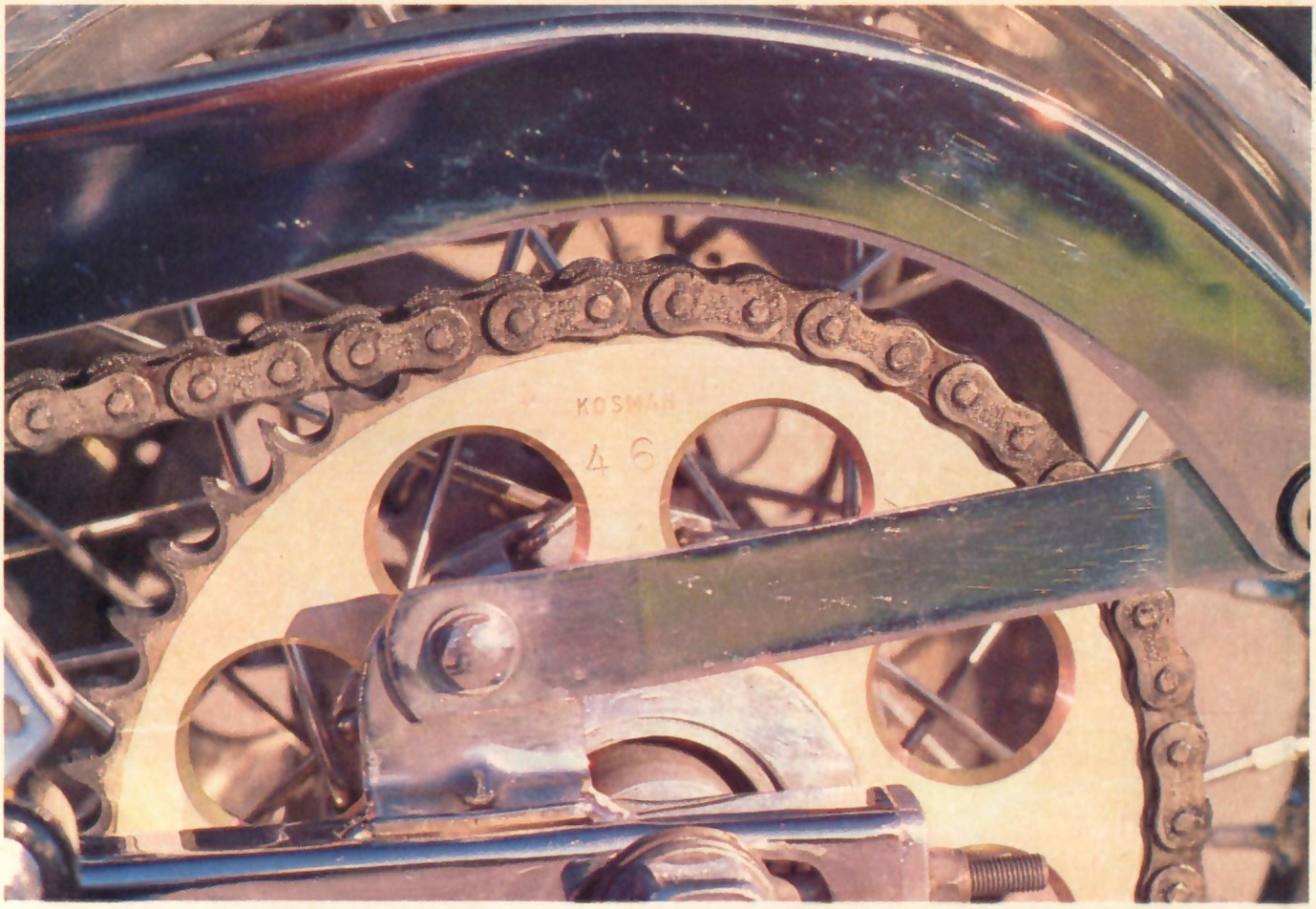
Forks
Type: Dirtbike
Extension: Stock
Builder: CZ
Special Features: Looks like FX

Wheels
Front Wheel: 19" D. I. D.
Rear Wheel: 16" D. I. D.
Front Hub: Cosmic Center 10 gauge spokes
Rear Hub: Cosmic Center 10 gauge spokes
Front Tire: Avon Speedmaster
Rear Tire: Dunlop Elite
Front Brake: Hurst-Airheart
Rear Brake: Performance Machine




Agent Orange

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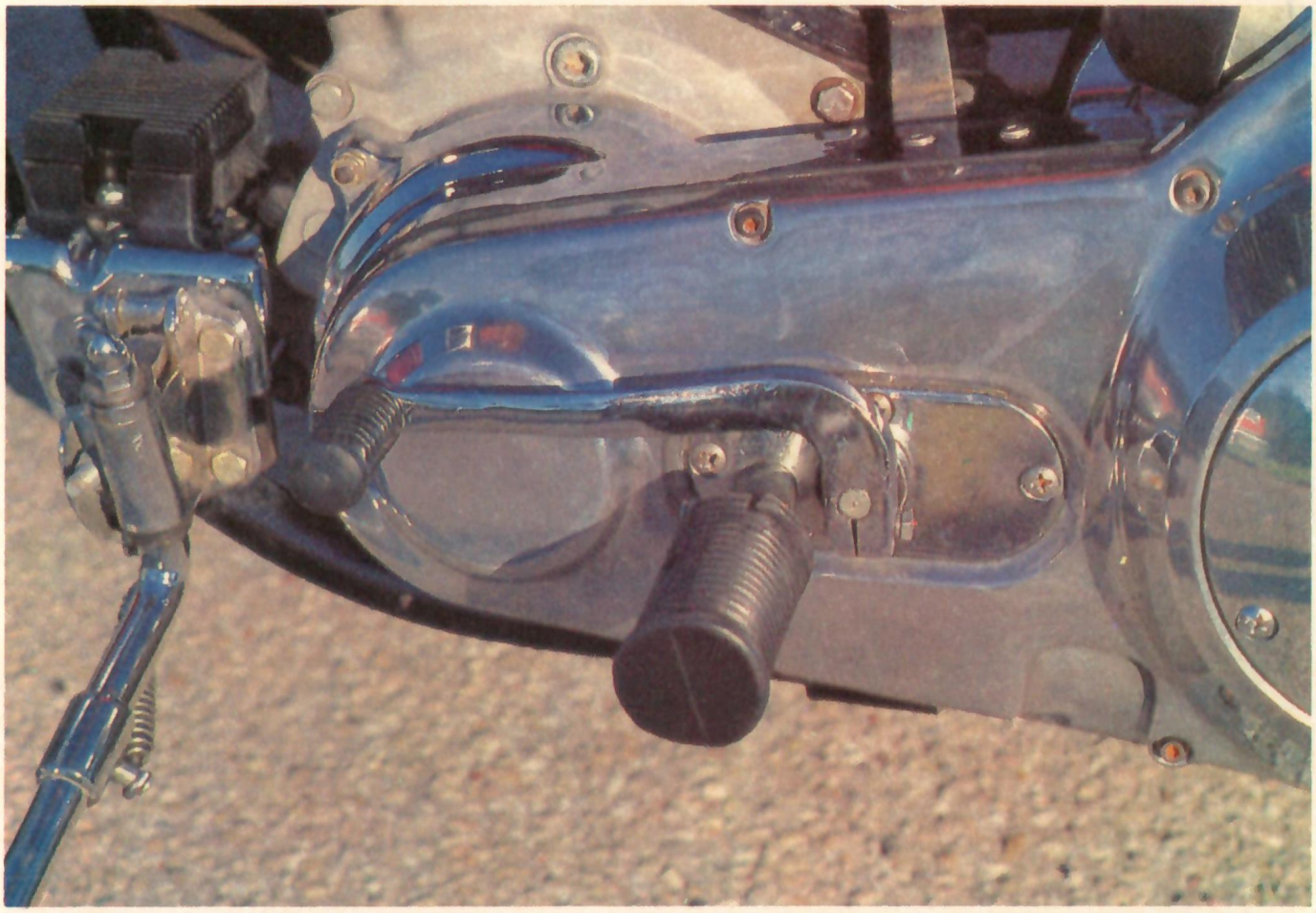

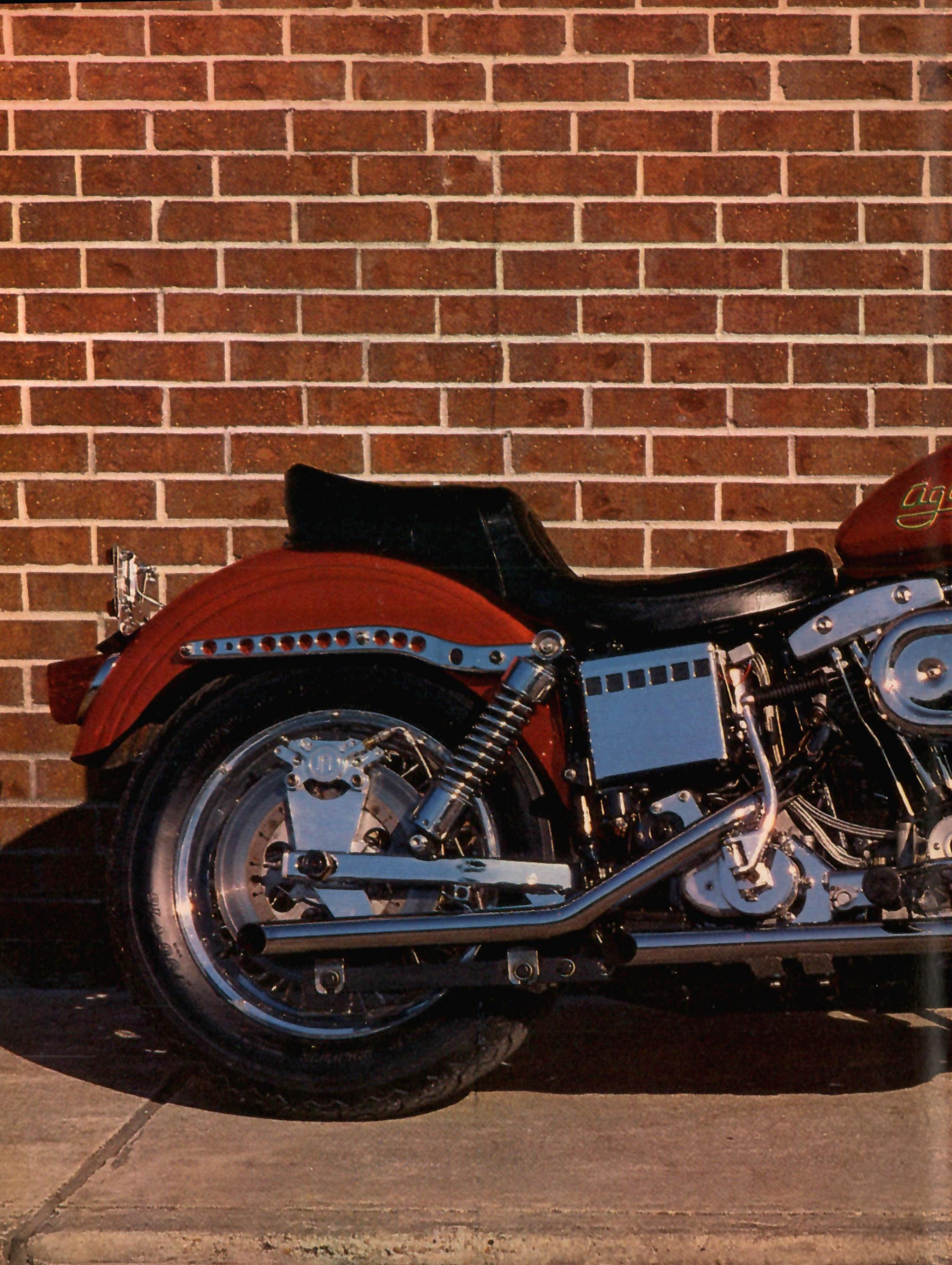

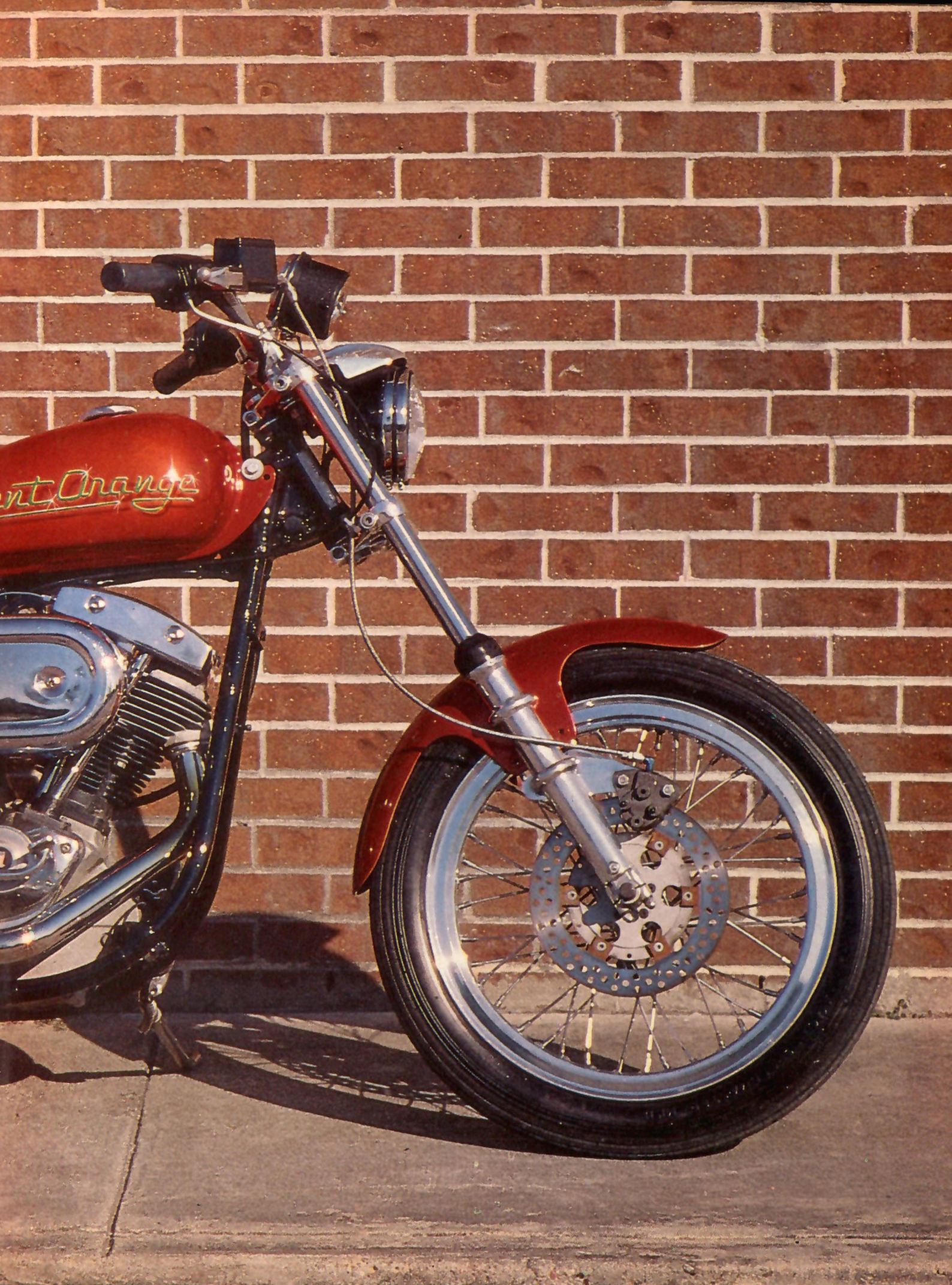
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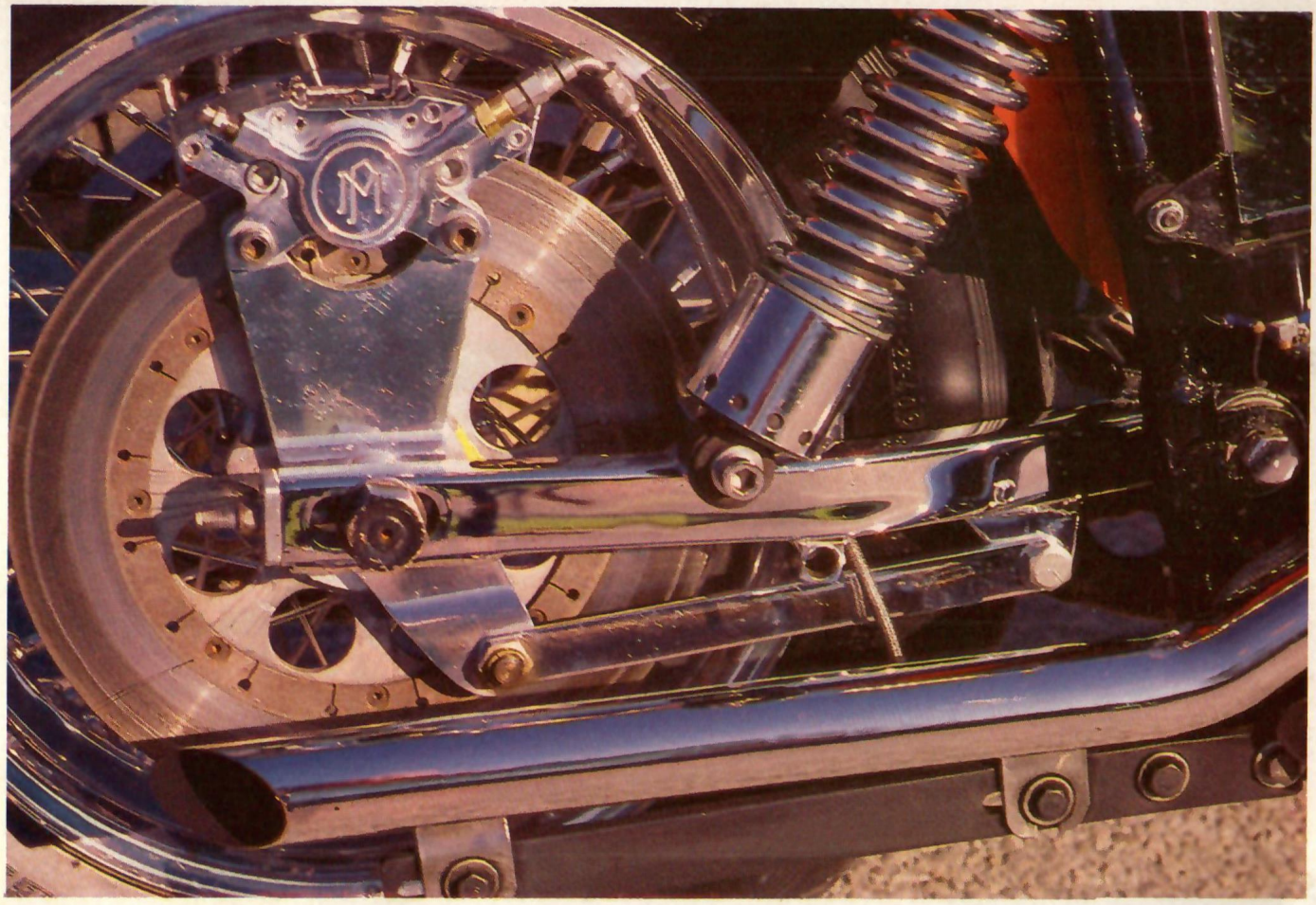

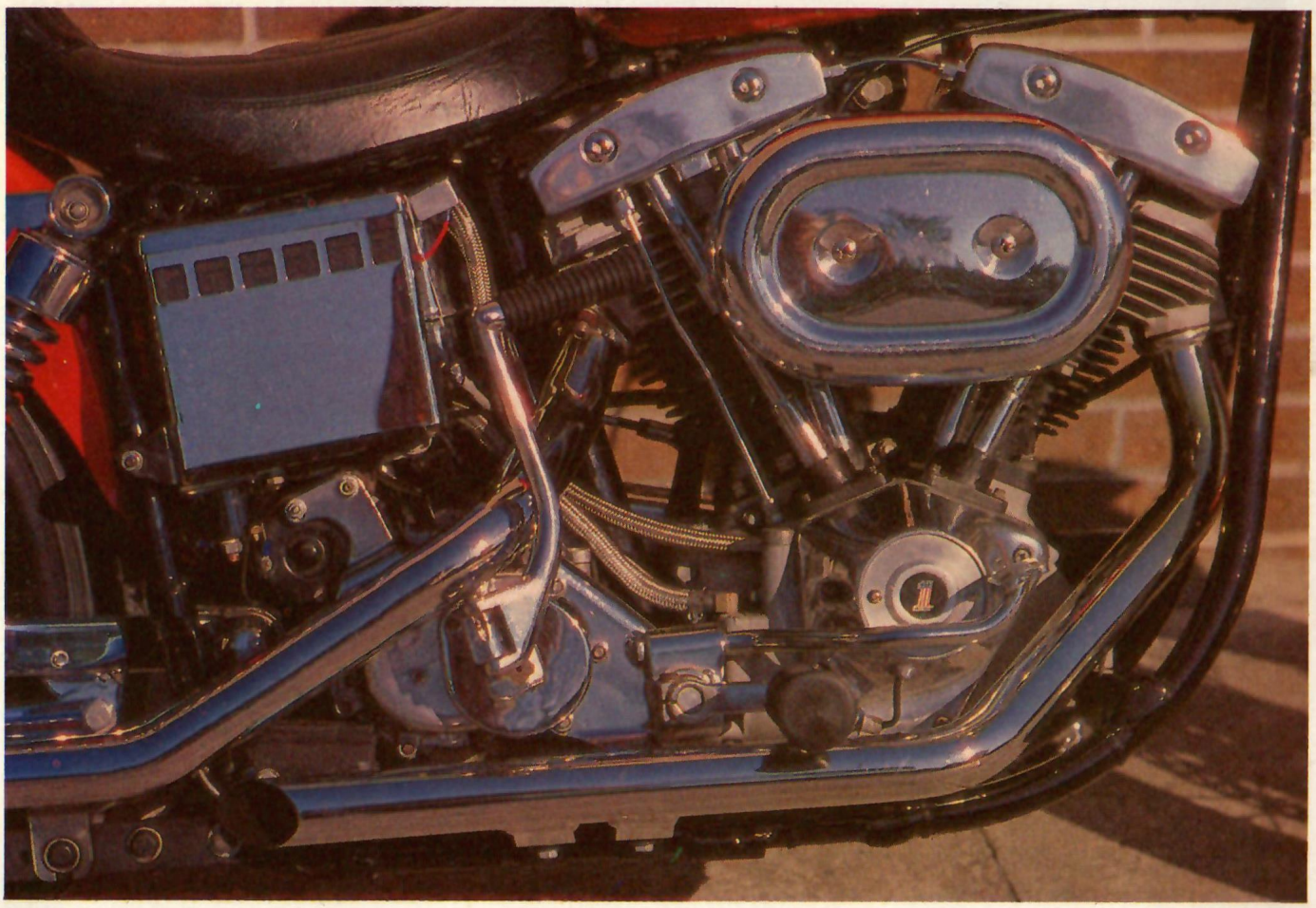

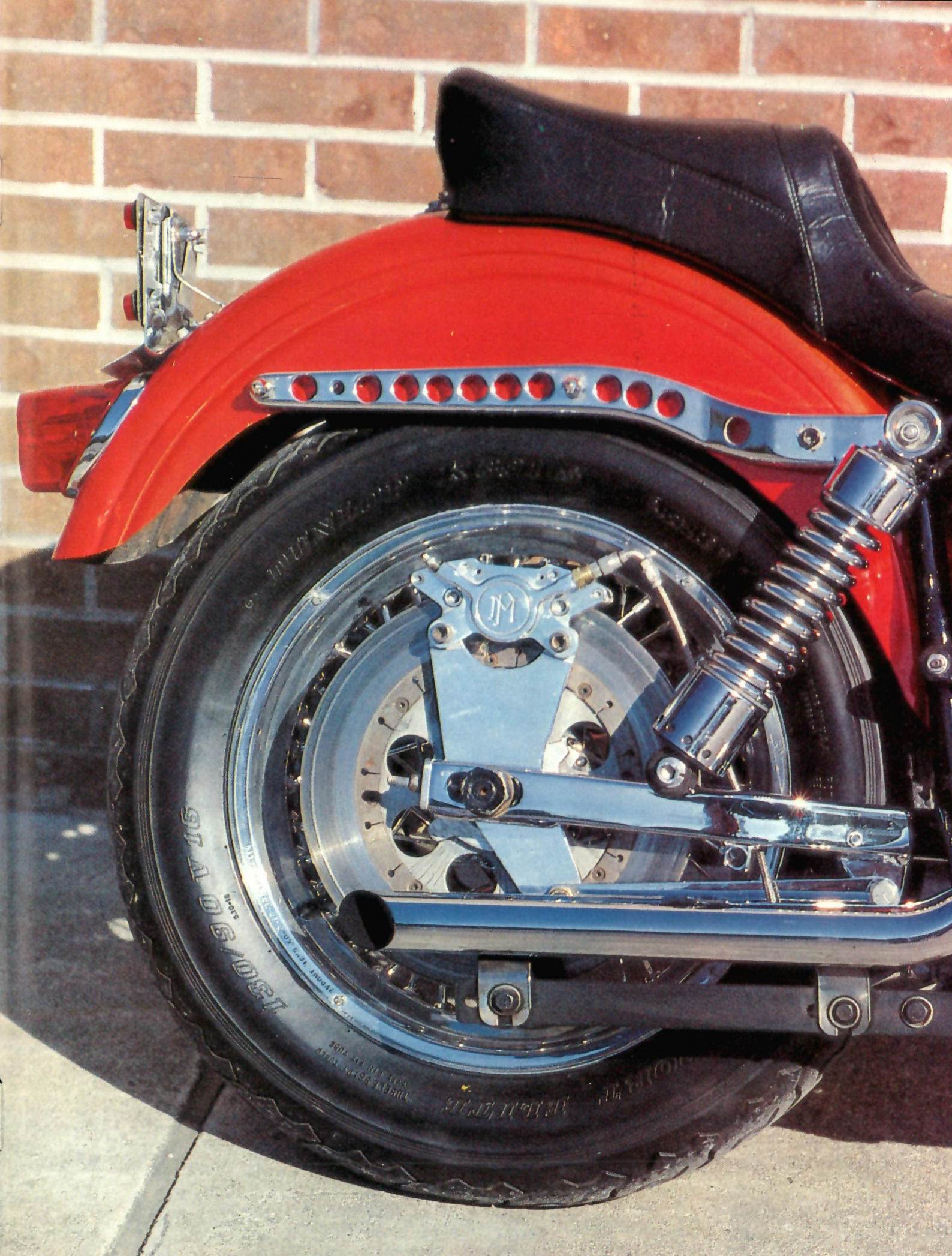
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